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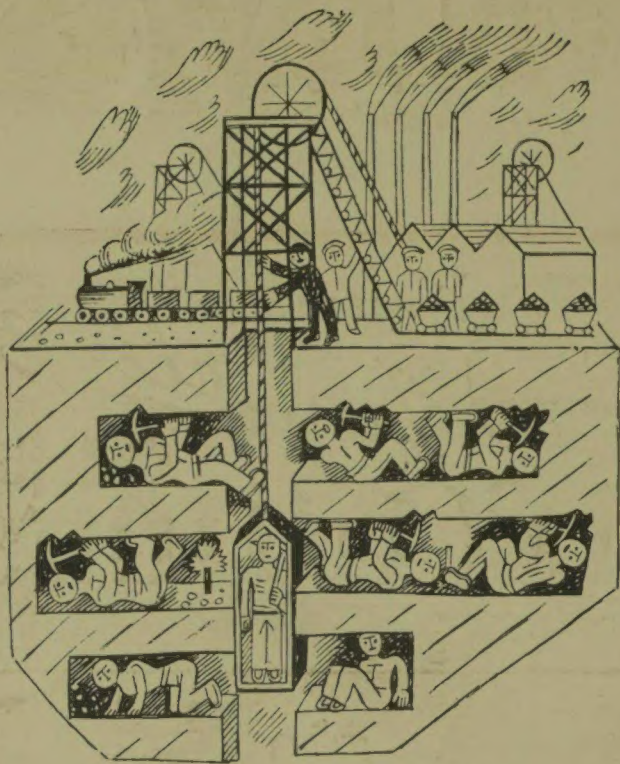
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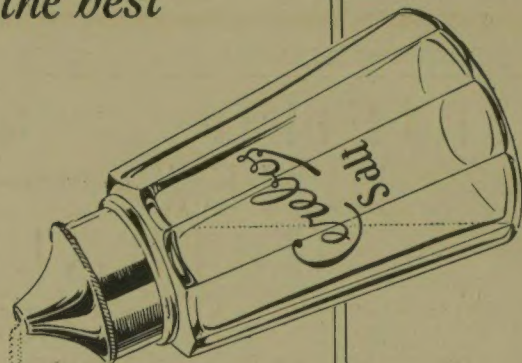
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1934.



**"WELCOME TO ENGLAND!" PRINCESS MARINA ARRIVING AT FOLKESTONE ON HER FIRST VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY SINCE HER ENGAGEMENT TO PRINCE GEORGE.**

Prince George's bride-elect, Princess Marina of Greece, with her parents, Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, landed at Folkestone from a Channel steamer on Sunday, September 16. Although she is well acquainted with her adopted country, this was her first arrival here since her engagement, and Folkestone gave her a rousing welcome. There was no official ceremony, but the crowd gathered to greet her witnessed a charming incident. Standing on the quay as the boat

came alongside was a little grey-haired old lady carrying flowers, and Princess Marina, recognising her former nurse, ran to kiss her directly she landed. Cheers followed the Princess as she moved towards the boat train. As she entered the special carriage, the ropes gave way before the pressure of spectators, and they thronged the door with cries of "Good luck, Princess!" and "Welcome to England!" Later scenes are illustrated elsewhere in this number.





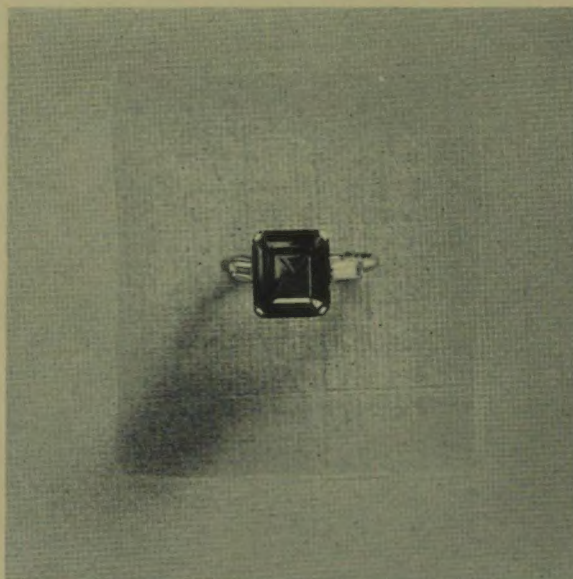
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PERHAPS the quaint old tradition that the village cobbler is always the village atheist may have had something to do with the equally quaint old proverb that the cobbler should stick to his last. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* may have been a pagan proverb; but an atheist was probably as rare among polytheists as he is among monotheists. And it seems rather to suggest a mild complaint among customers that their favourite expert in footwear was rather neglecting their feet in his irrelevant efforts to influence their heads. And whereas their feet might have been shod with the gospel of peace, by a more pious and traditional cobbler, it was found that their heads were turned into watch-towers loud with the tocsins and alarums of war, by the challenges of the atheistic cobbler. It may seem at first a little hard on the cobbler, to condemn him to an eternal ritual of repeating that there is nothing like leather. But there is a truly historic half-truth in the idea of such a limitation. And the truth is this: that a really good cobbler might be really interesting about leather, and still be capable of being rather a bore about God; and still more of a bore about Godlessness. And the reason is this: that in the trade that a man really understands he often has ideas that are really his own; he is fresh and inventive and even (in the rare but good sense) up to date.

Whereas, in a theoretical thing like atheism, he is almost certain to have picked up stale ideas that are not his own; that are not even in the vulgar sense up to date; that are generally likely to be all the more ancient because he fancies they are modern. A true craftsman of St. Crispin, a great and glorious cobbler in the best tradition of the Guilds, might mean much more than we imagine in saying that there is nothing like leather. He might be thinking that leather is not one thing but a thousand things; that he himself had a score of schemes for the extension and variation of its use; that the world was only at the beginning of the vast possibilities and scientific applications of leather. He might see in a vision not only the forest of the fantastic elongations of the late mediæval shoe, but all the other historic applications that still live in legend; from the Leather Bottel to the complete costume of leather that was worn by the first Quaker. He might see new shapes cut out of leather, new patterns stamped on leather, new ways in which the use of leather might extend from hats to hangings, curtains or carpets, as the use of lead extends from bullets to church windows. If he had these new notions about leather, it would be largely because he had studied leather, and not stuck behind in the first alphabet of his craft. But as an atheist he would be an amateur, and would probably have stuck very stupidly at the first alphabet of atheism; asking how the God who made a fig-tree grow could stop it from growing; or whether God was not alone responsible for all a man did, because he had made a man free to do what he liked. Anyhow, he would probably say things we have all heard a thousand times from cosmic theorists, and do not specially want to hear all over again from cobblers.

Certainly no one would compare Sir James Jeans to an atheist; for no man has, in fact, done more to change the tone of the most modern science from atheism to theism. Nor would it be strictly correct, or in accordance with the dull details of biography as given in "Who's Who," to describe him as a cobbler. But in one way he does raise some of the same questions as are suggested in the two proverbs about the cobbler, or the faintly implied speculations about the atheist. I was listening recently to conversations which still continue about the last lecture of Sir James Jeans to the British Association, not

to mention the echoes of it that still rumble in the popular Press. And I was struck in both these cases, especially in the case of the newspapers, with the much greater space and attention given to his general peroration about science in relation to ethics and politics and religion (about which studies he is, after all, an amateur like the rest of us), than to the masterly analysis of his own original ideas about matter or the mathematics of energy, about which he is possibly the



THE ENGAGEMENT RING GIVEN BY PRINCE GEORGE TO PRINCESS MARINA—A SPECIMEN KASHMIR SAPPHIRE SET IN PLATINUM WITH TWO BATON DIAMONDS. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

On his return to London, Prince George at once went to New Bond Street, where, at Cartier's, he bought an engagement ring for his fiancée, Princess Marina. The Kashmir sapphire he chose is a very fine specimen and is one of those beautiful stones whose rich dark cornflower blue colour shows to perfection not only in daylight, but in artificial light at night.



THE ENGAGEMENT RING GIVEN BY PRINCE GEORGE TO PRINCESS MARINA: A CARTIER EXPERT SETTING THE CHIEF STONE.

chief authority of the age. The cosmic cobbler is listened to less respectfully when he talks about leather, about the substance or material of which the cosmos is made, than when he talks about the problem of unemployment or armament, or the need of a new religion, or all the familiar topics well within the range of the village atheist, or at least of the village agnostic. And yet his hypothesis about

matter is full of new ideas, which are really his own; while his defence of the morality of modern science is necessarily full of old ideas which would have been much the same in the mouths of the scientific men of sixty years ago.

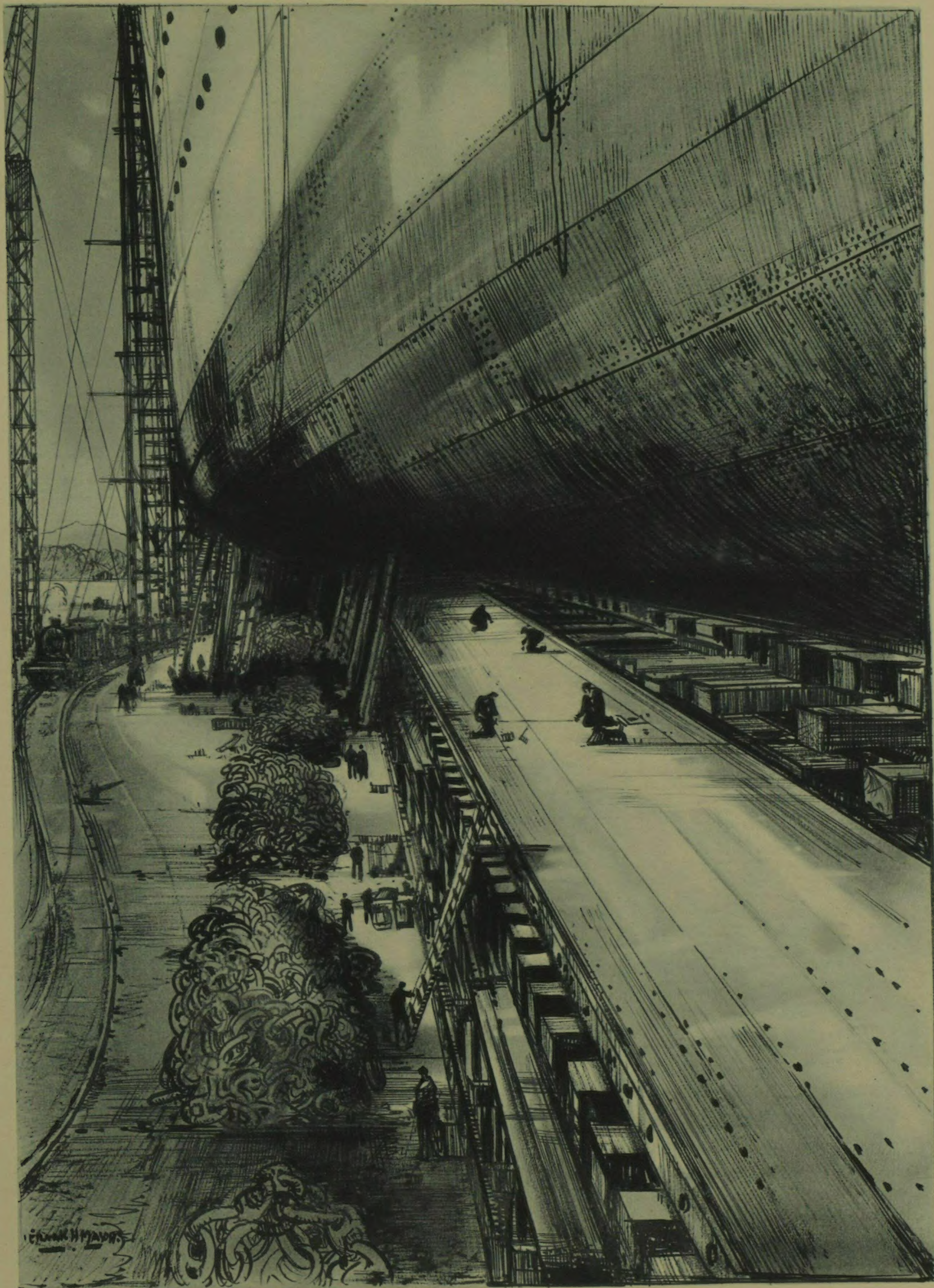
Nor, indeed, are they altogether satisfactory, and they have become rather less so by mere repetition, in a world that has been revolutionised in the interval. No religious person, unless he is a religious maniac, has any particular reason to resist the advance of physical science; least of all the physical science of the new physicists. But since he goes out of his way to counter or contradict the evil that has accompanied the good, we may fairly point out that the contradiction is not a refutation. The harnessing of science to hellish engines of destruction has not grown better, because a great deal of blood has flowed under the bridges since old Huxley idealised the social use of science. And to say that if machinery creates unemployment it also creates new industries and new employment, is simply to be stone blind to the staring and outstanding fact of the hour. That fact is that, even allowing for every effort to make new industries, unemployment has, on the balance, enormously increased. And this particular defence of machinery is so very far from being new that it would have sounded very much more true if it had been made (as it was made) in the middle of the nineteenth century, during the triumph of the Manchester manufacturers. In those Early Victorian days, it really was much more arguable that we were putting as many men into new enterprises as we were throwing out of old ones. To-day it is not true at all, as a matter of the facts and even the statistics. But, anyhow, we do not go to the most brilliant scientist of our own time to hear things that might be excused in an Early Victorian.

Or, again, in a man of so much scientific originality, there is the same strange staleness in the statement that we must make a modern religion, to suit modern scientific knowledge. Here he seems to forget, not only all that has been done since the age of dogmatic materialism, but even all that he has done himself. He seems strangely oblivious of the actual nature of that "knowledge" which he has just been revealing in his own lecture. For, according to his own vivid and fascinating description, that knowledge largely consists of a sort of radiant and luminous ignorance. The whole point of his address was that he had come to the conclusion that something, in the very nature of our observance of phenomena, forbids us to feel sure that it is the ultimate fact which we observe. Whether this be true or no, it is surely not the sort of truth of which anybody could make a religion; or on which we could build any system of sacrifice or confidence or obedience. There was at least some sense in Haeckel and the old materialists saying that we must fit our moral philosophy to the facts; but why should we fit it to a fancy-picture of the cosmos that may have hardly any relation to the facts? If it points to anything, it would seem to point back to the old idea that, if we really want a religion, we must seek it with our own reason, with our moral convictions and our conception of the metaphysics of being. But if men could not find faith among the atoms of which they were sure, they will hardly find it among the electrons of which they are not sure. But my main purpose is merely to protest against the treatment of this great man of science by the world of journalism and gossip; which thinks him so much more important when he happens to use a few familiar phrases from the old freethinkers than when his phraseology is really unfamiliar and his thought is really free.



## GETTING READY TO LAUNCH THE GIANT LINER: FINAL PREPARATIONS.

DRAWN BY FRANK H. MASON, R.I.



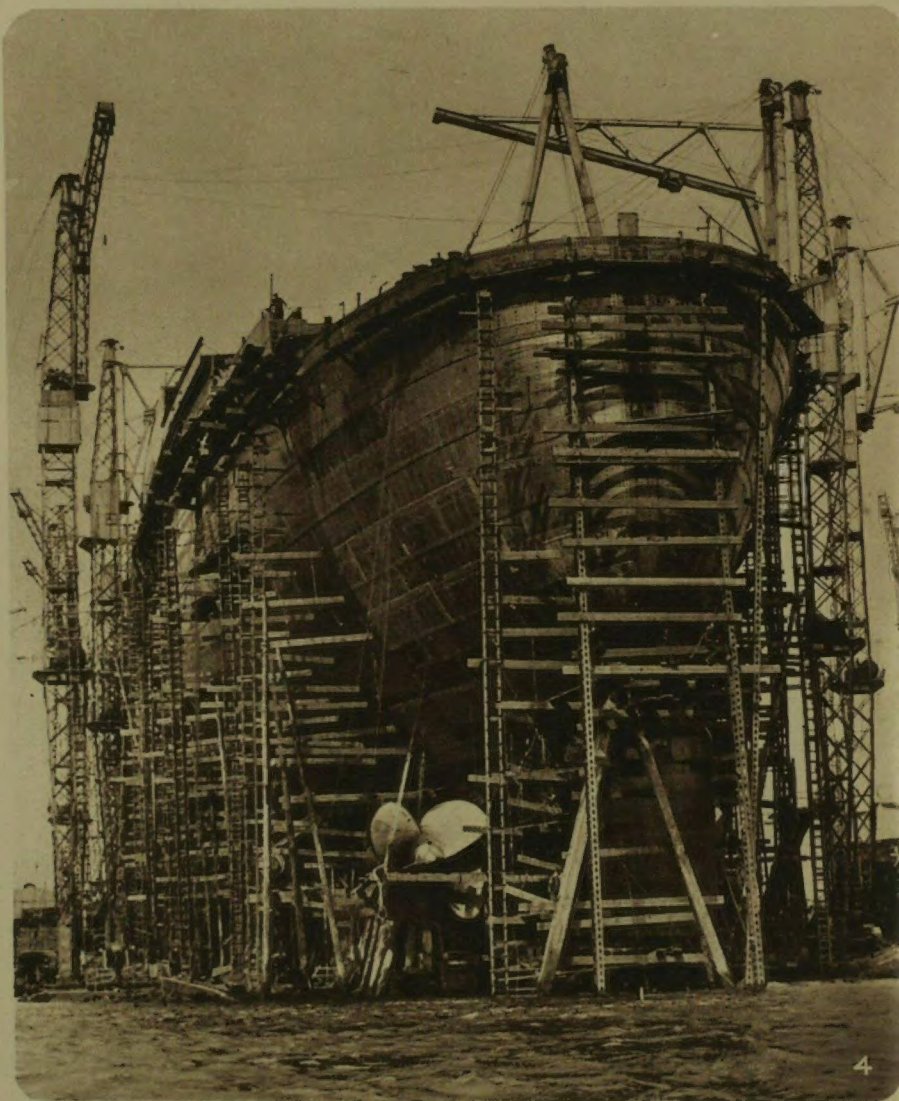
## LUBRICATING THE LAUNCHING WAYS BENEATH "No. 534"; AND CHAINS TO CHECK HER MOMENTUM AFLOAT.

Mr. Mason's drawing shows final preparations to the hull of the new giant Cunard White Star liner, "534," before her coming launch. The ship will be freed from the keel blocks, seen to the right, and will then rest on the launching-cradle supported upon the slips, here shown being prepared. The most exact accuracy is necessary. Hundreds of tons of tallow, soft soap, and other lubricants are distributed over the surface of the launching-ways down which

the ship's enormous bulk will slide to take the water. Meanwhile huge masses of chain cable are being assembled for use as "drags" to check her too-rapid progress once she is afloat. Chains of the heaviest kind have been requisitioned from every possible quarter, many famous shipyards contributing their quota. Among them are chain cables which belonged to the "Great Eastern," which in her day was as much the wonder of the world as the "534" is now.



# AN OCEAN COLOSSUS TO BE LAUNCHED BY THE QUEEN: "No. 534."



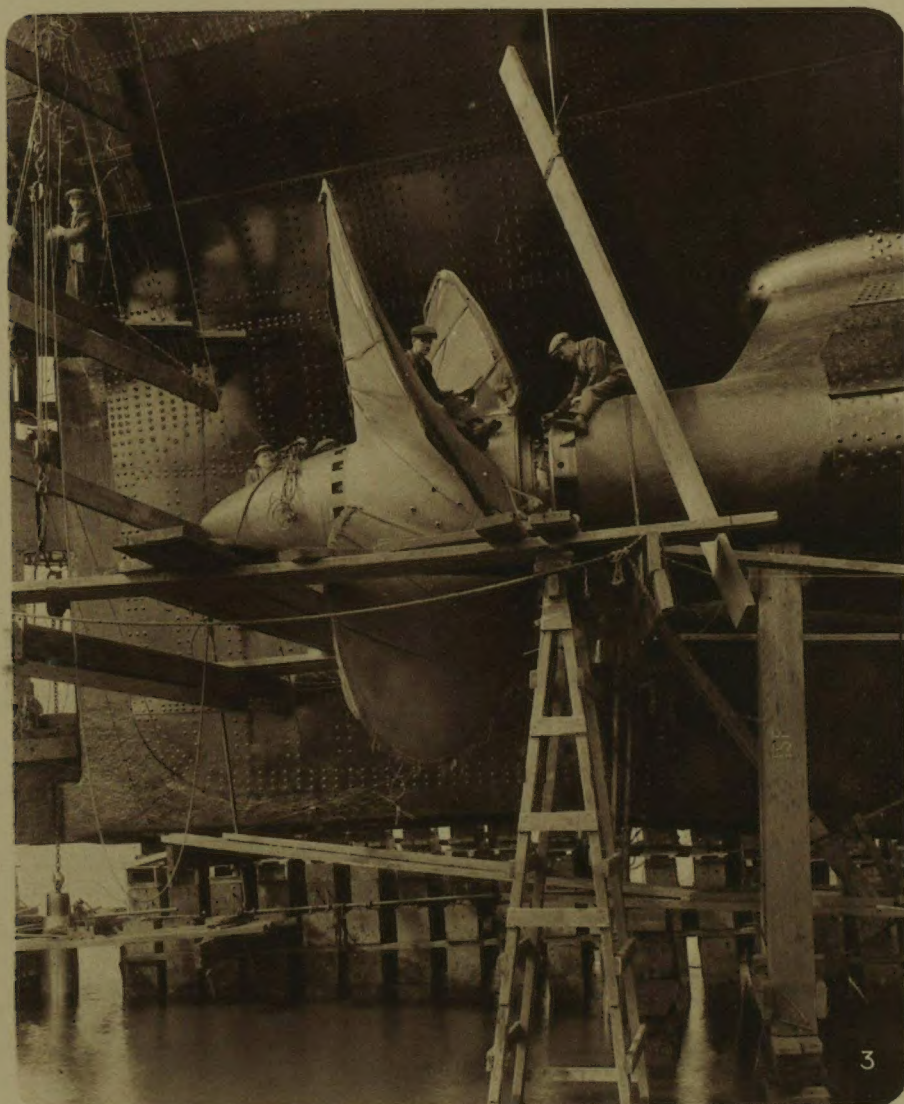
THE GIANT CUNARD WHITE STAR LINER ON THE STOCKS, ALMOST READY FOR LAUNCHING: (1) THE SHIP SEEN FROM ACROSS THE CLYDE; (2) AN AIR VIEW SHOWING WHERE SHE WILL TAKE THE WATER; (3) THE BOWS, AGAINST WHICH THE QUEEN WILL BREAK A FLASK OF EMPIRE WINE; (4) THE STERN, SHOWING ONE OF THE HUGE PROPELLERS FITTED.

The launch of the new giant Cunard White Star liner by the Queen, on September 26, is awaited with immense interest. The ship is at present known merely as "No. 534," and it is understood that the name will not be revealed until the dramatic moment when it is pronounced by her Majesty as she breaks against the bows a flask of Empire wine. By pressing an electric button, the Queen will then set the huge vessel

gliding down the launching ways. The platform on which the Queen will stand is about 60 ft. from the ground, but the bows will tower far above it, and the flask will be broken about midway up them. The water runway, into which the liner will be launched, extends from the foot of the slip, where the bed of the Clyde has been deepened, to the mouth of the River Cart opposite.



## GIGANTIC ENGINEERING FOR A GIANT LINER: PARTS THEMSELVES ENORMOUS.



HUGE MACHINERY AND FITTINGS USED IN BUILDING THE NEW CUNARD WHITE STAR LINER "534": (1) THE LIFT (WITH STAIRWAYS) FOR TAKING MEN TO THE UPPER DECKS; (2) ONE OF THE 27 WATER-TUBE BOILERS; (3) ONE OF THE PROPELLERS, DWARFING MEN AT WORK ON IT; (4) GUDGEONS FOR THE LARGEST RUDDER EVER MADE.

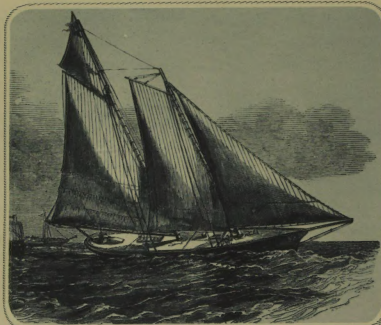
The immensity of the new giant Cunard White Star liner, which the Queen is to name and launch on September 26, is impressively indicated by the towering structures in the shipyard, and the enormous size of various items in the ship's machinery, shown in the above photographs. It has been reported that the twenty-seven boilers are divided into several groups, each group isolated by strong watertight bulkheads, so

that no imaginable damage to the hull could put more than one or two sets out of action; and that the collective horse-power may range from about 180,000 h.p. There are over 160,000 tubes and pipes, it is said, leading from the boilers to the engines, with 2600 ft. of main steam piping. The rudder is stated to be the largest ever made, weighing about 140 tons—a weight equal to a fleet of twenty-five tram-cars.



## EIGHTY-THREE YEARS OF CHALLENGE FOR THE "AMERICA'S"

## CUP: "ENDEAVOUR", "RAINBOW", AND PAST CONTESTANTS.



1851: THE SCHOONER "AMERICA," WHICH WON A CUP GIVEN BY THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON FOR A RACE ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, BEATING FIFTEEN ENGLISH VESSELS BY A MARGIN OF EIGHTEEN MINUTES, "AURORA" FINISHING SECOND.

In the first challenge for the Cup, in 1870, the old "America," the original winner, took part. She had already had an astonishing history. After her victory in 1851, she belonged, according to "The Illustrated London News" of September 3, 1870, to an English gentleman, who sold her again; and she was employed to run a blockade during the American Civil War. Being captured by the Federal cruises, she was used for some years as a tender in the United States Navy Service.



1903: "RELIANCE" (N.Y.Y.C.) ROUNDING THE MARK; AND "SHAMROCK III." (ROYAL ULSTER Y.C.), SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S THIRD CHALLENGER (LEFT BACKGROUND), WHICH LOST THE THREE RACES SAILED AGAINST "RELIANCE."



1914: MR. T. O. M. SOWITT'S CHALLENGER, "ENDEAVOUR" (N.Y.C.), WHICH CROSSED THE ATLANTIC THIS SUMMER TO MAKE THE FIFTEENTH CHALLENGE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.



1870: THE RACE FOR TWENTY-FOUR BOATS OFF NEW YORK; MR. JAMES ASHBURY'S CHALLENGER "CAMBRIA" (ROYAL THAMES Y.C.) BEING TENTH, AND "MAGIC" (NEW YORK Y.C.) WINNING—THE OLD "AMERICA" A COMPETITOR.



1920: "RESOLUTE" (N.Y.Y.C.) LED BY SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S FOURTH CHALLENGER, "SHAMROCK IV." (ROYAL ULSTER Y.C.), AS THEY ROUNDED THE LEE MARK—A CHALLENGE LOST BY THREE RACES TO TWO.

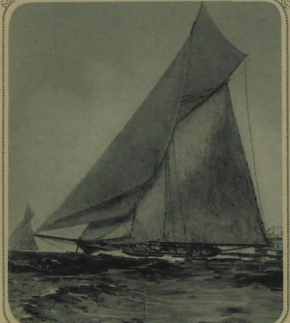


1930: SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S FIFTH AND LAST CHALLENGER, "SHAMROCK V." (ROYAL ULSTER Y.C.), WHICH LOST THE FOUR RACES SAILED AGAINST "ENTERPRISE" (N.Y.Y.C.) (LEFT BACKGROUND).

AS all the world knows, a new series of races for the "America's" Cup is being decided this September; and the races were in progress as we went to press. The contest originated eighty-three years ago. In 1851 the schooner "America" beat fifteen British vessels in a race round the Isle of Wight, and the Cup called after her has ever since been in the keeping of the New York Yacht Club. In all, thirteen challengers have crossed the Atlantic from this country, and two, in 1876 and 1881, have entered from Canada. Although it is true that, until the rules of the contest were recently revised, its conditions imposed certain handicaps upon a challenger, it is nevertheless remarkable that, until this year, the defenders had only lost three races in the whole history of the Cup. In 1871 Mr. James Ashbury's



1871: MR. JAMES ASHBURY'S CHALLENGER "LIVONIA" (ROYAL HARWICH Y.C.) AND "DAUNTLESS" IN A GALE—"LIVONIA" (LEFT BACKGROUND) THE WINNER OF ONE RACE, WHILE THE N.Y.Y.C., WITH "COLUMBIA" AND "SAPPHO," WON FOUR.



1893: THE DEFENDER "VIGILANT" (N.Y.Y.C.), WHICH WON THE THREE RACES SAILED AGAINST THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S FIRST CHALLENGER, "VALKYRIE II." (ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON).



1901: "COLUMBIA" (N.Y.Y.C.) (LEFT) AND "SHAMROCK II." (ROYAL ULSTER Y.C.), SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S SECOND CHALLENGER, IN A CLOSE FINISH—A SERIES IN WHICH THE DEFENDER WON ALL THREE RACES.

"Livonia" won one race, while the New York Yacht Club, having the choice of four boats, won twice each with "Columbia" and "Sappho," and in 1920 Sir Thomas Lipton, with his fourth challenge, came nearer than anyone else to winning back the Cup, his "Shamrock IV." being beaten by "Resolute" only by the odd race in five. To-day the rules of the contest are such that there need be almost no inherent disadvantage on the challenger's side. She must naturally cross the Atlantic; but a defender must be built so that she could do the same if need be. The series of races this year, to be decided by the best of seven, began on September 15, and aroused extraordinary interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Elsewhere we give further photographs of "Rainbow" and "Endeavour."



1885: THE DEFENDER "PURITAN" (N.Y.Y.C.), WHICH WON THE TWO RACES SAILED AGAINST SIR RICHARD SUTTON'S CHALLENGER, "GENESTA" (ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON).



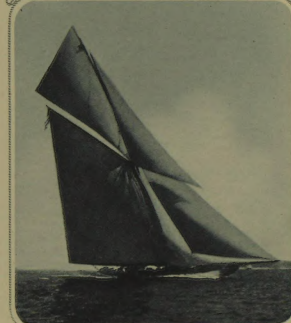
1895: "DEFENDER" (N.Y.Y.C.), WHICH DEFENDED THE CUP AGAINST THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S SECOND CHALLENGER, "VALKYRIE II." (N.Y.S.), AND WON THE THREE RACES SAILED.



1914: MR. HAROLD S. VANDERBILT'S DEFENDER, "RAINBOW" (N.Y.Y.C.), CARRYING THE BIG GENOA JIB WHICH, IN THE LIGHT WINDS OF SEPTEMBER 15, SEEMED TO GIVE HER THE ADVANTAGE OVER "ENDEAVOUR."



1887: "VOLUNTEER," SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER OF 1887; "MAYFLOWER," SUCCESSFUL DEFENDER OF 1886; AND MR. JAMES BELL'S "THISTLE" (ROYAL CLYDE Y.C.), CHALLENGER OF 1887 (LEFT TO RIGHT).



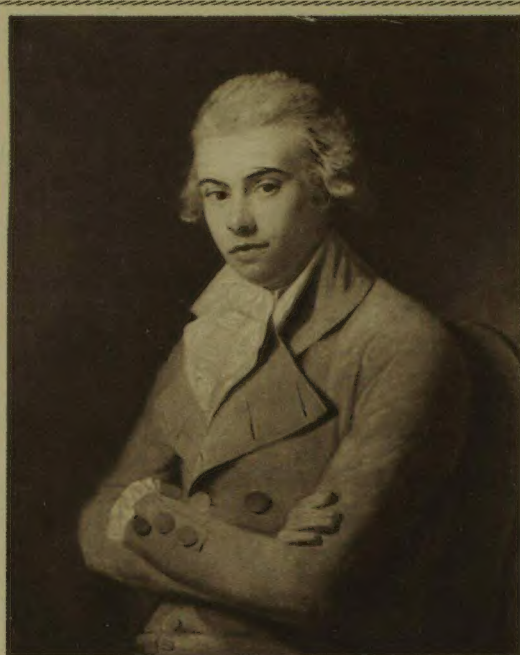
1899: THE DEFENDER "COLUMBIA" (N.Y.Y.C.), WHICH WON THE THREE RACES SAILED AGAINST SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S FIRST CHALLENGER, "SHAMROCK" (ROYAL ULSTER Y.C.).



# THE WRIGHT BI-CENTENARY EXHIBITION: A NEGLECTED PORTRAIT-PAINTER.



"RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN."—THE FAMOUS  
DRAMATIST AND POLITICIAN.  
(Lent by Lady Inglefield. 30×25 Inches.)



"WILLIAM WILBERFORCE."—PRIME MOVER  
IN THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.  
Lent by Mr. Stephen Winkworth. (30×25 Inches.)



"SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT."—INVENTOR  
OF THE COTTON-SPINNING FRAME.  
Lent by the Nottingham Art Gallery. (30×25 Inches.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH A RAINBOW—VIEW NEAR CHESTERFIELD."  
In the Derby Corporation Art Gallery. (32×42 Inches.)



"THE ORRERY."—A PHILOSOPHER LECTURING ON PLANET MOVEMENTS.  
In the Derby Corporation Art Gallery. (58×80 Inches.)



"THREE CHILDREN OF RICHARD ARKWRIGHT  
WITH A KITE."  
Lent by Captain Richard A. Arkwright. (77×60 Inches.)



"THE WOOD CHILDREN."—A CRICKETING GROUP  
DATED 1789.  
In the Derby Corporation Art Gallery. (66×53 Inches.)



"THREE CHILDREN OF RICHARD ARKWRIGHT  
WITH A GOAT."  
Lent by Captain Richard A. Arkwright. (77×60 Inches.)

The bi-centenary of the birth of Joseph Wright, A.R.A. (1734 to 1797), is being commemorated at Derby, where he was born and died, by an exhibition of his paintings in the Corporation Art Gallery, to remain open till November 18. In an introduction to the catalogue, the Curator of the Gallery, Mr. F. Williamson, contends that Wright has never received his due, and is inadequately represented in public collections. "The present exhibition," he says, "will ensure a higher appreciation of his undoubted genius. Wright is usually dismissed as a mere painter of artificial lighting effects, and his abilities as a portraitist and landscape

painter are largely ignored. . . . To-day this estimate of his work is reversed. Wright painted extraordinarily good portraits." Joseph Wright received his early art training from Thomas Hudson, who taught Sir Joshua Reynolds. Wright first exhibited in London in 1765 and in the next year showed "The Orrery." His first contributions to the Royal Academy appeared there in 1778. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1781 and R.A. in 1784, but through some disagreement he declined the latter honour and remained an Associate. He lived for a time in Italy and at Bath, but returned to Derby in 1777 and stayed there till his death.



# THE TRAGEDY OF A BURIED CITY TOLD BY ITS RUINS:

SIEGE WORKS BY WHICH THE PERSIANS CAPTURED DURA-EUROPOS IN 256 A.D., ENSLAVING ALL ITS PEOPLE; DRAMATIC EVIDENCE OF THE CATASTROPHE REVEALED BY REMAINS OF THE BESIEGING ARMY'S MINE AND RAMP.

By CLARK HOPKINS, Director of the Yale University Expedition to Dura-Europos, in co-operation with the French "Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres." (See Illustrations on the two succeeding pages and on pages 424 and 425.)

As mentioned in our note on the illustrations given on the next two pages, Dura-Europos, once a Syrian frontier city on the Euphrates, has in recent years been the scene of remarkable archaeological discoveries, described by Mr. Clark Hopkins in our issues of Aug. 13, 1932, July 29, 1933, and Sept. 2, 1933. In the following article he tells how it fell to the Persians, in the third century, as revealed by the remains of their siege operations. The photographs are numbered in sequence from this page, to correspond with the author's references.

PERHAPS not the most spectacular but certainly one of the most interesting discoveries in the excavations conducted by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres and Yale University at Dura-Europos, on the Syrian Euphrates, was that of the Persian siege works. In 256 A.D., Dura was a flourishing city of ten thousand or more inhabitants, guarded by a force of Roman soldiers and protected by massive walls of stone. In that year the Persians attacked, and in the course of a few months their engineers circumvented the elaborate precautions to defend the town, with the result that their soldiers were able to mount the walls and to kill the defenders. The entire population was taken off into slavery and the city was left deserted. Partly ravaged by fire, it fell gradually into ruins, filled slowly with desert sand and dust, and disappeared beneath the desert

up the embankment, cutting steps in the soft surface as they went, than to scale the walls of stone. Was it built to prevent the battering-rams from touching the stone? Or did the citizens fear another earthquake similar to that which had shaken the city before the entry of the Romans? Further excavations were soon to tell us.

The Persians attacked. They chose, naturally, the desert side as the easiest of approach. Close to the south ravine they erected a great ramp (Fig. 6) leading to the top of the wall. To meet this, the inhabitants closed the crenellations with mud brick and raised the crude brick wall higher and higher, piling more fill behind it to make it strong. At the same time, the Persians, from the ravine at a point about seventy-five yards from the corner tower, began to mine. The work

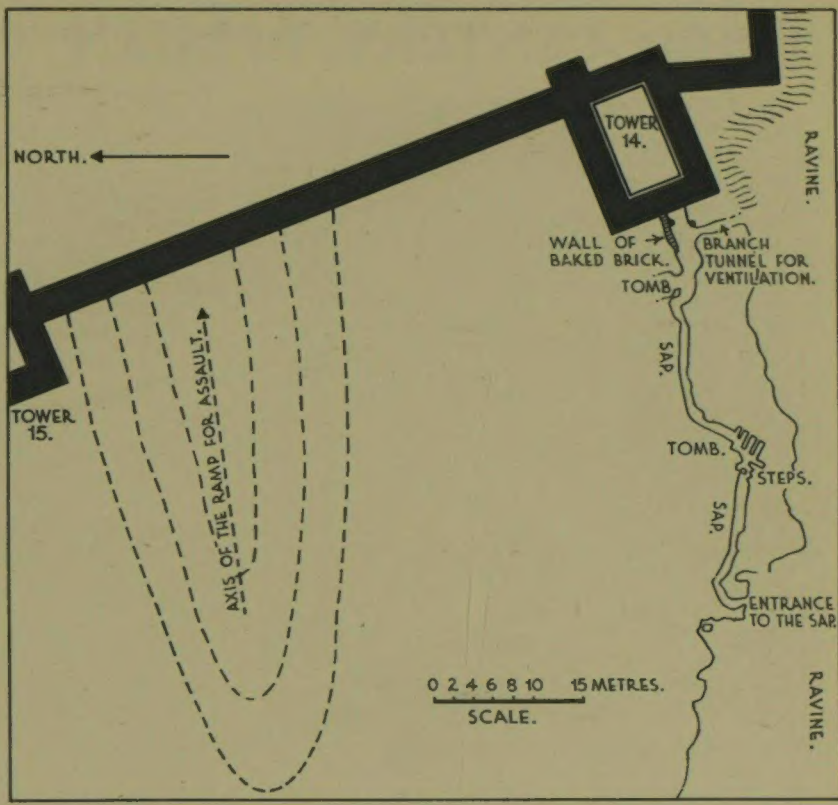


FIG. 1. PERSIAN SIEGE-WORKS AT THE SOUTH-WEST ANGLE OF THE WALLS AND FORTIFICATIONS AT DURA-EUROPOS IN 256 A.D.: A SKETCH-MAP OF THE BESIEGERS' MINE AND RAMP.—[Drawn by M. le Comte du Mesnil du Buisson.]

was not difficult, since the ground beneath the layer of hard stone which forms the surface of the desert is of soft rock. Moreover, the inhabitants, by building underground burial chambers (see plan, Fig. 1), had honeycombed the desert close to the wall. The Persians advanced, then, quickly, and soon were beneath the tower.

Working with great precision, they cut beneath the walls of the tower, supporting the weight above with heavy beams, and then turned, digging beneath the circuit wall, toward the ramp half a block away (see plan, Fig. 1).

Here the whole course of their operations are apparent. We have cleared the passage-way from the tower and discovered the entrance in the ravine (Fig. 10). We found where they cut through tombs, probably looting the dead as they went, and where they encountered stone. In little niches along the wall two of the crude stone lamps used to light the passage were discovered; close to the tower some of the beams and woodwork supporting the weight of fortifications were still in place (Figs. 13 and 14). Part of the tower had fallen into the mine, part still stood precariously on narrow ledges of rock and on beams half-charred and broken (Fig. 11).

In a second mine north of the main gate a more daring plan was adopted. Again the mine is first directed against a tower, then it begins to trace the circuit wall, but suddenly turns directly toward the city. About fifteen yards from the wall and not far from the end of the embankment, at the very end of the sap, the skeletons of some fifteen men were found. They were armed with swords and breast-plates, had shields with iron bosses, and carried in their pockets handfuls of silver coins, part of their last pay. Not far away, in the narrow passage, lay another skeleton, that probably of their leader, for he wore a breastplate of chain mail and had a pointed helmet of iron. Curiously enough, between this group and the point where the mine met the tower, the sap had been blocked by a wall of roughly-laid stones. Were the skeletons, then, those of Roman soldiers constructing a counter sap and blocking the way of the Persians? Or were the Persians at the end suddenly cut off when the Romans dug across the sap and blocked it? The latter seems the more likely, since there was no sign of exit toward the town.

When the Persians judged that their preparations were complete, the woodwork of the saps was fired; and the great towers tottered and slipped. While the huge stones of the south tower twisted and crumbled, the soldiers started up the great ramp beside it, up and into the city. But the towers, though slipping, did not fall (Fig. 7). Thanks to the embankments on either side, they remained upright, though they dropped in some places over seven feet (Fig. 11). The inhabitants had correctly gauged the methods the Persians were to use. The embankments held the walls in place; and the wide slope within the houses prevented the sappers from gaining entrance to the city. It must have been the Persian charge up the ramp, perhaps coupled with the confusion incident to the terror of the inhabitants as towers wavered and slipped, that brought about defeat. The money in the pockets of the soldiers found in the mine was dated from 238 to 256 A.D. Five of the eighty-two coins were of the year 256 A.D.; there was no single coin beyond that date. And of the thousands found on the site, in shops and houses, there is none later than that year. The sap, then, was constructed in the last crisis of the city's history; and in the mines and embankments one may read the supreme struggle for possession of the town. The city was taken; the inhabitants enslaved. No one ever uncovered the paintings so carefully concealed, or dug up the hoards of coins so hastily laid aside, until in our own day the spade of the excavator began the exploration of that mysterious buried desert city.

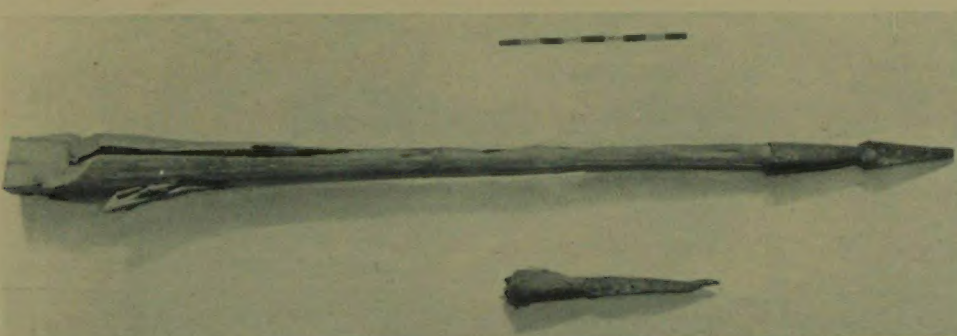


FIG. 2. ONE OF THE BALLISTA ARROWS, WITH IRON POINT AND WOODEN "FEATHERS," DISCOVERED IN THE DÉBRIS OF THE RUINED CITY: A RELIC OF THE FIGHTING AT THE CAPTURE OF DURA-EUROPOS IN 256 A.D.

until the recent excavations brought to light its ancient remains. The dramatic story of the heroic efforts of defenders and the skill of Persian engineers, the history of attack and counter-attack, now lie revealed in the mute evidence recovered from the sand.

The air view (Fig. 4) shows how the city was first fortified. The site had probably been chosen for its defensive advantages as well as for the fact that here the river road descended from the rocky plateau to the plain. The river cliff offered a natural defence on one side, and ravines, one on either side, cut deep by winter torrents, provided ideal places for walls. Along the west side, which lay open to the desert, a great wall, eight to nine metres high and over three metres thick, was erected. The main gate in the centre was guarded by two immense towers, and the length of the wall was broken by a series of towers, which rose above and extended beyond the line of the wall. Elaborate crenellations (Fig. 5) on the outer edge of the great circuit wall protected the soldiers as they made their rounds. Just inside the fortifications, between the wall and the blocks of houses, was a street (Fig. 9) left open so that soldiers could move easily and quickly on the ground from one point to another.

Before the attack of the Persians, the citizens of Dura evidently recognised the fact that their wall was not sufficiently strong. Accordingly, a deep fill was placed outside the wall at the angle of rest and covered with a thickness of sun-dried brick. Inside the city the street between the wall and the houses was filled to the top, the dirt and debris being held in place on one side by the fortifications, on the other by a sloping ramp, or the rear house walls reinforced by thick walls of mud brick. It was this construction which covered and so excellently preserved the murals in temples and houses at Dura.

Reinforcing the walls within the city seemed natural if the inhabitants judged the stone fortifications to be too weak for adequate defence. But the building of a sloping embankment (Fig. 8) outside to within a couple of metres of the top seemed more than strange. The slope, to be sure, was fairly steep and covered with mud brick and smooth clay, but how much more simple it would be for the enemy to climb



FIG. 3. HEAD-DRESS WORN DURING THE SIEGE OF DURA-EUROPOS NEARLY 1700 YEARS AGO: A MODERN ARAB BOY IN A PARTHIAN CLOTH CAP WITH EAR-COVERINGS FOUND IN THE EMBANKMENT.

In his first article on the discoveries at Dura-Europos (in our issue of August 13, 1932) Mr. Clark Hopkins wrote: "This great frontier city on the north Syrian Euphrates, founded by the Greeks about 300 B.C., was held by Parthians and Romans until its destruction by the Sassanids in the third century A.D."



## THIRD-CENTURY PERSIAN SIEGE WORKS REVEALED AT DURA-EUROPOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE YALE UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION TO DURA-EUROPOS, IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE FRENCH ACADEMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS ET

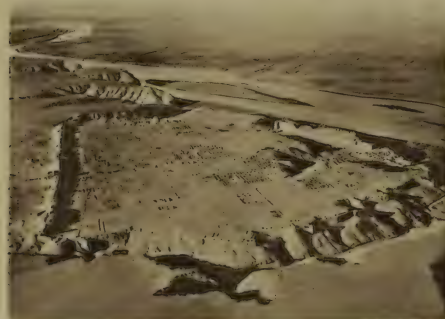


FIG. 4. AN AIR VIEW OF DURA-EUROPOS FROM THE SOUTH, SHOWING THE CITY'S NATURAL DEFENCES—THE RIVER CLIFF (RIGHT) AND SOUTH RAVINE (FOREGROUND); ALSO THE GREAT STONE WALL WITH MUD-BRICK EMBANKMENTS (LEFT).



FIG. 6. THE PERSIAN RAMP RISING ABOVE THE CITY WALL AND (ON THE RIGHT) A CORNER OF THE MINED TOWER: A VIEW OF DURA-EUROPOS TAKEN FROM THE OUTSIDE, SHOWING PART OF THE SITE AS IT NOW APPEARS.

THE photographs on these two pages illustrate the siege and capture of Dura-Europos by the Persians, in 256 A.D., as described by Mr. Clark Hopkins, Director of excavations there, in his article on page 421, and are numbered (in sequence from that page) to correspond with his references. The Persian system of sapping and mining, as revealed by the excavations, is peculiarly interesting, and may be visualised in the drawings of very similar mediæval methods given on page 425. Dura-Europos, at the time of the siege, was a Syrian frontier city on the Euphrates, held by a Roman

(Continued on right.)



FIG. 8. THE EMBANKMENT BUILT BY THE DEFENDERS OF DURA-EUROPOS FOR THE PURPOSE OF SUPPORTING THE FORTIFICATIONS: THE VIEW LOOKING ALONG THE WALLS OF THE CITY—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 5. AN AIR VIEW OF THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF DURA-EUROPOS: (A) ENTRANCE TO PERSIAN SAP; (B) TOWER UNDERMINED; (C) PERSIAN RAMP BUILT AGAINST THE CITY WALL, WHOSE CRENNELLATIONS WERE PRESERVED BENEATH THE SIEGE WORK.



FIG. 7. THE SOUTH-WEST TOWER OF DURA-EUROPOS SEEN FROM INSIDE THE CITY WALLS: A VIEW SHOWING HOW ITS FACADE WAS BROKEN, BUT NOT DESTROYED, BY THE PERSIAN MINE UNDERNEATH.



FIG. 9. A VIEW ALONG THE CITY WALLS FROM THE MAIN GATE AFTER THE FILL AND THE EMBANKMENT HAD BEEN CLEARED AWAY; SHOWING THE REAR WALLS OF HOUSES (NEARLY 20 FT. HIGH) WHICH THE EMBANKMENT HAD PROTECTED.

was left standing to a height of 6 metres (nearly 20 ft.). Further "finds" including horse armour, swords, arrow fragments, and a unique painted shield, were the subject of another illustrated article by Mr. Clark Hopkins in our issue of September 2, 1933. "The discovery of a Persian sap, or mine," he wrote, "dug beneath the circuit wall, explained the reason for the great mud-brick walls each side of the stone fortifications. The sap had been supported by beams and planks, many still in place and partly burned. The wall had sunk over 6 ft. when the mine supports were burned, but, owing to the mounds of mud-

## EUROPOS. MINES AND A RAMP, AND DEFENCE FORTIFICATIONS.

HILLES LITRES. FIRST AIR VIEW BY COURTESY OF PIERE FOUDEREAU. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 421 AND DRAWINGS ON PAGES 424 AND 425)



FIG. 10. THE ENTRANCE TO THE PERSIAN MINE FROM THE RAVINE SOUTH OF DURA-EUROPOS: A VIEW SHOWING ALSO (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND) THE OUTSIDE OF THE SOUTH-WEST TOWER, WHICH WAS AFFECTED BY THE MINE.

garrison. After its fall, the Persians carried off the whole population into slavery, and it was left deserted. In recent years the site has been the scene of remarkable archaeological discoveries. Excavations

(Continued above)



FIG. 11. EFFECTS OF THE PERSIAN MINE: THE TWISTED INTERIOR OF THE TOWER (THE CORNER OF WHICH HAD DROPPED MORE THAN 7 FT.), WITH THE STUMP OF A CHARRED MINE-BEAM STILL IN IT.

FIG. 13. ORIGINAL WOODWORK OF A PERSIAN MINE STILL IN POSITION AFTER NEARLY 1700 YEARS: A VIEW FROM ABOVE, SHOWING THE COMTE DU MESEIL DU BUISSON, VICE-DIRECTOR, STANDING BESIDE HIS EXCAVATIONS.

brick on either side, had remained upright. At the end of the sap were discovered the charred remains of fifteen warriors, evidently suffocated when the mine was fired. Beside them lay their swords, the bosses of their shields, and parts of their cuirasses. Between thigh-bone and cuirass, in the case of two skeletons, were found Roman coins, the men's last pay, which they had kept in pockets underneath their armour." The circumstances in which these men died, and the question whether the Roman defenders of Dura-Europos had constructed a counter-mine, are discussed by Mr. Clark Hopkins towards the end of his article on page 421.

begun by the French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres were taken over in 1928 by Yale University in collaboration with the Academy. In our issue of August 13, 1932, Mr. Clark Hopkins described the finding there of the earliest known Christian chapel with mural paintings, as well as examples of pagan art, and papyri containing Roman army records relating to the 20th Palmyrene Cohort, stationed at Dura-Europos during the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus. "Excavations [we read] revealed crenellations still in place where the ramp of the attacking Sassanians covered the top of the wall. Cross blocks, cleverly placed, protected the defenders from angled shots, and held firmly in place

(Continued on right.)



FIG. 12. A WOODEN SHIELD DISCOVERED WITHIN THE CITY CLOSE TO THE PERSIAN RAMP: A REEL OF THE CITY FIGHTING AT THE CAPTURE OF DURA-EUROPOS IN THE YEAR 256 A.D.

the stone screen of the crenellations themselves." Another sensational discovery at Dura-Europos—that of the earliest known Jewish mural paintings, in a third-century synagogue, was described by Mr. Clark Hopkins, with illustrations, in our number for July 29, 1933. "The attempts of the inhabitants," he wrote, "to resist the attacks of the Persians led to the construction of great mud-brick walls which partially blocked the neighbouring buildings. Thus the walls of these buildings, though made of mud-brick, were preserved to a remarkable height. In the synagogue, the back wall

(Continued in centre below.)



FIG. 14. WITH THE ORIGINAL TIMBERS STILL IN POSITION! THE PERSIAN MINE AT TOWER 10 TURNING FROM THE WALL (IN BACKGROUND) INTO THE CITY—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WOODWORK SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 13).



# KING AND NO KING.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"OLIVER CROMWELL," by JOHN BUCHAN; and "CROMWELL," by HILAIRE BELLOC.\*

(PUBLISHED BY HODDER AND STOUGHTON, AND BY CASSELL.)

POWERFUL rulers of men generally become, in the eyes of posterity, either heroes or villains. A great deal of the writing of history in the past has encouraged this fallacious dichotomy, and a great deal of biography at the present time is an attempt to correct it. Cromwell was for centuries the National Ogre, and to such writers as Hume and Hallam, no denigration was bad enough for him. In the nineteenth century, Carlyle did something to restore a tattered reputation, but he erred on the other side: his large streaks of rhodomontade, and his trick of arraying prejudices and commonplaces in elaborate fancy dress, are very distasteful to many modern readers. It has remained for quite recent historians to attempt a more balanced estimate, and the attempt is continued and reinforced by the two brilliant books under consideration. They are of very different characters. Mr. Buchan's volume is a biography in the fullest sense, presenting not only the person and deeds of Cromwell, but the England of his time and the more important elements which made up its life, thought, and habits. Mr. Belloc disclaims any intention of writing a "life"; he is concerned to analyse the motives of a man who was more a "hammer" to England, Scotland, and Ireland than, perhaps, any other in our history. Indeed, Mr. Belloc's book is in large measure a casuistical study; he sets himself, and answers with much skill, such questions as: Did Cromwell really entertain the crude current notions about the savagery and depravity of the Irish—did he really regard them as anti-Christ, and thus sincerely justify his ferocity towards them? Or: At what exact point of time (for on this depends the interpretation of his motives) did Cromwell decide that Charles Stuart, "that man of blood," must be once for all removed?

If it be legitimate to consider the natural predispositions of writers, we shall not be surprised to find that Cromwell is a more sympathetic figure to Mr. Buchan than to Mr. Belloc. To the latter, Cromwell is above all a military genius and an unsurpassed cavalry leader, with little real talent in any other direction. To Mr. Buchan he is a great deal more than that. Yet both books are strictly impartial, and in essentials they arrive at similar conclusions, except that Mr. Belloc charges Cromwell with much more deliberate duplicity (especially in respect of the trial and execution of Charles) than Mr. Buchan will allow. Both books contain full and vivid accounts of Cromwell's campaigns, and both arrive at the same estimate of his generalship.

Despite the measure of justice, long overdue, which has been done to Cromwell in recent years, he has never quite cast off the character of Ogre, and perhaps he never will. He had all the private virtues (except restraint of temper); he won all the glory of arms, so dear to history; under him, England's prestige in foreign eyes reached heights never before attained; and, however painful the incidents which attended his championship of it, the main political principle for which he fought was affirmed by England in 1688 and is not nowadays questioned. Why has this extraordinary Briton never stood higher in the affections of the British?

He killed a King. Mr. Belloc may be right in thinking that he did the killing by disingenuous calculation, Mr. Buchan may be right in thinking that he drifted into the necessity after innumerable hesitations; the fact remains that, in Mr. Belloc's sharp, accusatory phrase, "he did it." Is it true, as is so often suggested, that by cutting off an anointed head he offended English sentiment beyond hope of forgiveness? It seems more true that it was not the killing, but the manner of it, which put Oliver for ever in the wrong. There is no doubt whatever that Charles I. was tried and executed by the grossest and clumsiest illegality. There is equally no doubt whatever that either Charles or Cromwell had to be "liquidated," but it was Cromwell's greatest blunder (among many) that he settled

this vital issue in such manner as to divert all sympathy from himself to his adversary. No consideration of government, no element of rightness in Parliament's case nor of wrongness in Charles's own folly and falseness, could stand, in popular estimation, against the monarch's last, superb gestures. If Cromwell had possessed the instincts of a statesman, he would somehow have made those gestures impossible. As it was—to quote Mr. Buchan, in another connection—"Parliament had created a royalism which in 1642 had hardly existed."

Oliver was Puritanism incarnate. Both these biographers agree that religion was the key to the whole man, and Mr. Belloc devotes some excellent pages to a description of the rise and nature of Calvinism, in antithesis to the "Catholic Menace," which loomed so large in the mind of Cromwell and of all his co-religionists. Though the English are supposed to have a special leaning towards Puritanism, it has not endeared Oliver Cromwell to them. Neither Mr. Buchan nor Mr. Belloc has any doubt of Cromwell's sincerity, and the charge of hypocrisy so often brought against him is quite unsustainable. But it is one of the great problems of human character how far sincerity is a real defence of intolerance. Obviously, there must be limits to it in ethics, as well as in intelligence and in expediency. If Cromwell sincerely believed that at Drogheda and Wexford he was doing the Lord's work, then one can only say that he had no right to believe it, and that a simpler explanation is that passion and hatred had got the better of a naturally humane man. We cannot join in Mr. Buchan's

When one is always, by Divine Grace, right, everybody else is nearly always wrong; and it was because, in Cromwell's political career, everybody else was wrong that his attempts at government hopelessly broke down. He, who could make men follow him to the death in the field, could never make them follow him in a policy—even if he had a policy, which he usually had not. Mr. Belloc does not exaggerate when he says that "there never was a man less of a statesman than Oliver." His task, embarrassed as it was at every turn by Levellers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Royalists, Catholics, Fifth Monarchy Men, and the Army, was enormously difficult; but great men must be judged by great opportunities, and Oliver Cromwell simply did not approach within hailing distance of the opportunity which he had made, or which fate had made for him. "Between 1653 and 1658," writes Mr. Buchan, "he tried five systems of government—a military dictatorship; a dictatorship with a picked parliament; a dictatorship with a written instrument; a military dictatorship again; a quasi-constitutional monarchy. . . . He did everything—and more—that the men he had broken had done, and repeated the very offences for which he had opposed them. He taxed the people more highly and disregarded parliament more brazenly than Charles; he treated Ireland more cavalierly than Strafford; he interfered with personal liberty more tyrannously than Laud." Mr. Belloc calls his rule "Reluctant Power"; Mr. Buchan describes him as a "great improviser." The noun is apt, but the adjective was hardly earned by any of Cromwell's experiments. The only really constructive act of his career—and it was a remarkable one—was the creation of the Ironsides and of the New Model Army.

Cromwell's failure as a ruler arose not only from a natural incapacity to govern, but from the fundamental paradox of his whole life. There is no more startling example in history of a man made the tool of forces which he himself has loosed. In every fundamental respect he was a man divided against himself. Mr. Buchan well describes his tragedy: "A devotee of law, he was forced to be often lawless; a civilian to the core, he had to maintain himself by the sword; with a passion to construct, his task was chiefly to destroy; the most scrupulous of men, he had to ride roughshod over his own scruples and those of others; and the tenderest, he had continually to harden his heart; the most English of our greater figures, he spent his life in opposition to the majority of Englishmen; a realist, he was condemned to build that which could not last." There is some evidence that, in the press of affairs, he lost

even some of his spiritual security. And the final contradiction was that he was King and No King. He refused the crown, knowing that it could only be one of thorns for himself and his successor. Yet he was enthroned like a king and kept state like a king; and though Mr. Buchan thinks that this was done merely for the proper dignity of his office, it is difficult to regard it as a satisfactory or a necessary compromise—certainly not as a practicable one.

Despite his tragedy of cross-purposes, great Noll did not build wholly in vain. Mr. Buchan sees in the Commonwealth the foundation of that structure of English nationhood to which Anne and Marlborough set the coping-stone. We would rather say that Cromwell first set England face to face, beyond any possibility of escape, with a political issue on which her whole future depended. He himself did not solve the problem, and for a time it seemed as if all that he had made of it was a mere parenthesis; but within fifty years England had had to envisage it and to make up her mind in a manner which, without Cromwell, might not have been possible.

Mr. Buchan, always a good stylist, has never written better than in this book—by far his best. Something of the rhythm and dignity of the sources which he has studied seems to be added to naturally elegant periods. From Mr. Belloc we expect distinguished prose, and here we have full measure of it; his last chapter especially has a deep and moving quality, not soon to be forgotten. C. K. A.



A MEDIAEVAL FORM OF LISTENING DEVICE FOR DETECTING HOSTILE MINES: DEFENDERS OF A CASTLE WATCHING A BOWL OF WATER FOR ANY RIPPLES CAUSED BY VIBRATION FROM TUNNELLING WORK BY ENEMIES UNDERGROUND.

The drawings on the opposite page are given to show mediæval methods of sapping and mining, for comparison with those used by the Persians, in 256 A.D., at the siege and capture of Dura-Europos, as revealed by recent excavations there illustrated in this number. The above drawing represents a cognate phase of mediæval warfare, on the side of the defence. Men of a castle garrison are seen anxiously watching a bowl of water, placed on a cellar floor so that any underground digging below may be indicated, through vibration, in ripples on the surface. It is, in fact, a primitive form of the modern listening device. [From a Drawing by A. Forestier.—See Illustrations Opposite.]

tribute to Puritanism as "a faith for iron souls. . . . It was self-centred, but the self was a majestic thing." If this faith was indeed of iron (and it is curious how often we think of it by that metaphor), it was iron which entered into the soul, making the self, as it seems to us, a far from majestic thing—on the contrary, a stunted and twisted thing. Puritanism could contribute something to character—almost any religion can do that; it contributed something to English life which still retains a value. But it worked a twofold mischief—ethical, in that its scale of values was arbitrary and perverted, putting the moral emphasis in all the wrong places; and intellectual, in that by its very "sincerity" it provided an automatic, irrefragable sanction for every sin against Christian charity. "It is a fearful thing," said Cromwell in the spiritual agony of his death-bed, "to fall into the hands of the living God." It is a fearful thing to be the Earthly Instrument of the living God, to be assured, beyond any possibility of doubt, that in all one's actions, however unwise, however ungenerous, however unmerciful, one is humbly fulfilling the purposes of the living God. It is a fearful thing to put women and children to the sword, and to be able to persuade oneself, against every better instinct, that this is not only pleasing in the sight of an All-Loving and All-Merciful Father, but is his very command. A fearful thing, and one which, more than any other, has filled with shame the blotted and bloody page of history.

\* "Oliver Cromwell." By John Buchan. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.).—"Cromwell." By Hilaire Belloc. (Cassell; 12s. 6d.)



# SAPPING AND MINING AS AT DURA-EUROPOS: A MEDIAEVAL PARALLEL.

DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER. (SEE ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE, ARTICLE ON PAGE 421, AND PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 422 AND 423.)



(ABOVE) SIEGE OPERATIONS IN THE MIDDLE AGES SIMILAR TO THOSE CONDUCTED BY THE PERSIANS AT DURA-EUROPOS IN 256 A.D. (AS DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 421 OF THIS NUMBER): MEDIAEVAL SAPPERS DIGGING A TUNNEL BENEATH CITY WALLS AND PROPING THE ROOF WITH BEAMS OF TIMBER.

THESE drawings of mediæval sapping and mining afford an extraordinarily close parallel to the Persian siege of Dura-Europos in 256 A.D., as described by Mr. Clark Hopkins in his article on page 421. Actual remains of Persian saps, with original woodwork still in position, are illustrated on pages 422 and 423. The upper drawing here shows mediæval sappers digging out their tunnel, whose roof is supported with beams. The lower drawing shows a dramatic moment, when, having set fire to bundles of straw (to burn the timber supports, cause the roof to collapse, and bring down the city walls above), on turning to leave the tunnel they are suddenly confronted with men of the defending force emerging from a counter-mine. Thereupon a hand-to-hand fight ensues.

(RIGHT) THE BESIEGING SAPPERS, TURNING TO RETREAT JUST AFTER HAVING SET FIRE TO THE TIMBER SUPPORTS, IN ORDER TO BRING DOWN THE CITY WALLS ABOVE, ARE SUDDENLY CONFRONTED WITH DEFENDERS OF THE CITY BREAKING THROUGH FROM A COUNTER-MINE: A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT ABOUT TO BEGIN UNDERGROUND.





# THE BEAVER PEOPLE.—By GREY OWL.

The Story of Grey Owl, Anahareo, and the Beaver McGinnis & McGinty.\*

VIII.  
(Continued.)

WHISKEY JACKS to the number of perhaps a dozen, attracted by this distribution of free lunches, attached themselves to the place and were always on deck, sitting around unobtrusively and motionless on convenient limbs of trees, all fluffed up, and trying to look humble, and dignified, and indifferent all at the same time, as though any such vulgar thought as that of eating was furthest from their minds. But they had a weather eye on the door, and it had only to open, when they all assumed a very wideawake appearance, and some of them would start to whistle a little song, hardly more than a whisper, which ceased immediately the door was closed again. There is, of course, no friendship amongst the wild folk that will stand up in the presence of food, and if a quantity of scraps were thrown to them each would grab all he could and fly away with it. They were not, however, without some powers of discrimination, as, if one happened to be alone at the time, he would stroll around amongst the bits and pieces looking for the biggest one. They, too, became very intimate, and some members of the flock would swoop down like attacking airplanes at anything we held out for them, and lift it as they passed. Yet others would light on extended fingers, and, taking their portion, sit there for a few moments apparently enjoying the novel sensations they experienced, or, perhaps, warming their feet.

At first these birds were not distinguishable one from another; yet it could soon be noticed that some of them had a kind of personality, an individual manner or a look about them, that set them apart from their fellows, so that they could be recognised quite readily. They are a light-built bird with no great strength or speed of flight, but they make up very adequately in address what they lack in force. If sufficiently hungry they could put on a most woebegone appearance which, while perhaps not consciously assumed, had a highly desirable effect on the observer, but was exchanged for a very militant alertness on the appearance of anything to eat. One of them carried this wheedling proclivity to the point that when there was any altercation over some tidbit or other he would grovel in the snow with piteous cries, and exhibit all the symptoms of apoplexy. This always caused a commotion, and, under cover of it, he worked his way towards the coveted morsel, and, suddenly recovering his health, would quickly seize it and decamp. Nearly all of what they took was stowed away in nooks and crannies, from where it was most industriously retrieved and hidden by the squirrels, but, as these caches were in their turn consistently robbed by the whiskey jacks, things were pretty well evened up and everybody eventually got enough.

Yet, in spite of their shameless solicitation, these feathered yes-men were engaging scalawags, and, had they been human, they would have belonged to the category of those delightful rascals who can touch you for your last cigarette and make you feel that they are doing you a favour.

To have killed any or all of them would have been easy enough, but the idea must have been repugnant to any thinking man. Yet I had caught them yearly by dozens in sets intended for larger and more predatory game, where, caught by the legs, they had struggled their harmless lives out in helpless agony. And as these various creatures followed me, and climbed my legs and bravely ran upon my hands and arms, to sit there in all confidence, peering at me so brightly-eyed and intelligent, bodies vibrant with life and the joy of just being alive, the enormity of this unthinking cruelty impressed itself upon me more and more.

Anahareo was very proud of having all these creatures around the house, and they somehow gave the place a lively appearance, and made us feel that we had been accepted as friends and fellow-citizens by this company of furred and feathered folk. We attended to their wants quite as though we had been their custodians, which in a way we were, and at last our wild and ever-hungry family increased to the point that we were obliged to have rules and hours for them, while the beaver occupied the times between.

IX.

THE BEAVERS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.—SLAUGHTER AT THE BEAVER COLONY.—AT HOME AT LAKE TOULADI.

The long days passed and there were hours of loneliness. Grey Owl began to write; Anahareo, to draw; and tales were told. Then Grey Owl completed an illustrated article, hoping and dreaming, dreaming that, by turning author, he might be able to live a new life as a protector of wild friends. He took his manuscript to town, forty miles away, posted it, and,

anticipating a cheque, made purchases for a Christmas in style. The cabin was decorated; and a home-made war-bonnet was set on a wooden block carved to represent a warrior's head painted with the Friendship Sign, in case there should be a guest.

On Christmas Eve all was ready. But there was one thing missing; Anahareo decided that the beaver were to have a Christmas Tree. So while I lit the lantern and arranged the candles so that their light fell on the decorations to the best advantage, and put apples and oranges and nuts in dishes on the table, and tended the saddle of deer meat that sizzled alongside of the factory-made Christmas pudding that was boiling on top of the little stove, Anahareo took axe and snowshoes and went out into the starry Christmas night. She was gone a little longer than I expected, and, on looking out, I saw her standing in rapt attention, listening. I asked her what she heard.

"Listen." She spoke softly. "Hear the Christmas Bells"; and pointed upwards.

I listened. A light breeze had sprung up and was flowing, humming in the pine tops far above; whispering at first, then swelling louder in low undulating waves of sound, and sinking to a murmur, ascending to a deep strong wavering note, fading again to a whisper—the Carillons of the Pine Trees; our Christmas Bells. Anahareo had got a fine balsam fir, a very picture of a Christmas Tree, which she wedged upright in a crevice in the floor poles. On top of it she put a lighted candle, and on the limbs tied candies, and pieces of apple and small delicacies from the table, so that they hung there by strings and could be reached.

The beaver watched these preparations with no particular enthusiasm, but before long, attracted by the odour of the tree, they found the hanging tidbits and sampled them, and soon were busy cutting the strings and pulling them down and eating them with great gusto. And we set our own feast on the table, and, as

A BEAVER AS A FRIEND OF MAN AND INTERESTED IN HIS DOINGS: INSPECTING A PHOTOGRAPHER'S EQUIPMENT.

Concerning this photograph, Grey Owl writes: "Their fear of man once overcome, beaver take an intelligent interest in what transpires around them." Readers of "The Beaver People" will certainly agree.

we ate, we watched them. They soon consumed all there was on the tree, and, as these were replaced, the now thoroughly aroused little creatures stood up on their hind-legs and grabbed and pulled at their presents, and stole choice morsels from one another, pushing and shoving so that one would sometimes fall, and scramble to his feet again as hastily as possible for fear everything would be gone before he got up; while they screeched and chattered and squealed in their excitement. And we forgot our supper, and laughed and called out at them, and they would run to us excitedly and back to the tree with little squawks as if to say, "Looky! what we found!" And when they could eat no more they commenced to carry away provision against the morrow, sometimes between their teeth, on all fours, or staggering along erect with some prized tidbit clutched tightly in their arms, each apparently bent on getting all that could be got while it lasted. And when we thought they had enough, and no longer made replacements, McGinty, the wise and the thrifty, pulled down the tree and started away with it, as though she figured on another crop appearing later and had decided to corner the source of supply. It was the best fun of the evening, and, instead of us making a festival for them, they made one for us, and provided us with a Christmas entertainment such as had never before been seen in any other home, I'm pretty sure. And Anahareo was so happy to see her

tree well appreciated, and the beaver were so happy to patronise it, and everybody seemed to be so thoroughly enjoying themselves, that I perforce must be happy too, just to see them so.

Stuffed to the ears, and having a goodly supply cached beyond the barricade, the revellers, tired now, or perhaps overcome by a pleasant fullness, soon went behind it too. Heavy sighs and mumbles of contentment came up from the hidden chamber beneath the bunk, and soon, surrounded by all the Christmas cheer they had collected, they fell asleep. And after they were gone a silence fell upon us and all was quiet. And the stove began to be cold; and the place was suddenly so lonely, and the painted brave looked out so soberly at us from under his feathered bonnet, that I put on a rousing crackling fire, and drew out from its hiding place a bottle of very good red wine that was to have been kept for New Year's Day.

And we drank a toast to the beaver in their silent house across the lake, and to the friendly musk-rats in their little mud hut, and all our birds and beasts, and to McGinnis and McGinty, who now lay snoring in the midst of plenty, and another to the solemn wooden Indian, and yet another to the good Frenchman who had supplied the wine. And, as we pledged each other with a last one, we declared that never was there such a Christmas anywhere in all the Province of Quebec. And certainly there never had been on this lake before.

In the March, Grey Owl again went to town, and collected a cheque for his article. More thrilling, he saw himself in print. A new career had begun. At the camp he and his wife found David White Stone, the old Algonquin. After supper Dave produced a present: two dead beaver! Knowing nothing of Grey Owl's change of heart, he had set his traps at the beaver colony—and only too skilfully: he had got them all, two kittens among them. He was never told what he had done.

The thaw commenced, and when Dave suggested that we all go out together and camp on the Touladi Lakes, we agreed. There was nothing to stay here for now save our few pets, who could live without us, as they had done before we ever came. So the old man made a sleigh and a toboggan, and, when they were finished, one morning at the crack of dawn we loaded up our equipment, with the beaver in the barrel, and the stove as well, and were ready to go. And Anahareo went down to the small mud-hut at the landing to feed our friendly musk-rat for the last time, while the whiskey jacks and squirrels perched and ran upon my hands and arms and took my final offerings; and what was left I scattered on the snow. The little deer we did not see again.

We left the warrior with his bonnet standing stern and proudly at his post, the Sign of Friendship still upon his face; and left the paint-work, and the emblems, and the gaily-bordered curtains in their places on the windows and the walls. And we bade farewell to the House of McGinnis, with its stories and its laughter, its hopes and its ambitions, its beasts and birds and spirits; left it standing there deserted in its grove of brooding pine-trees, gazing out, with its windows and its widely-open door, at the empty lodge across the lonely, silent lake.

And Dave saw that we were sad, and, as he walked, he shook his head and said he knew there was something wrong, but never asked. At the outlet he blazed a cedar tree and made on it the sign of the Duck, his patron bird, and in a notch below he wedged a piece of plug tobacco and said some words we did not understand. Meanwhile, we looked in on the beaver, and McGinnis took this opportunity to make a flying leap out of the window of his coach and fell into the creek, which was open. In the ensuing search and recovery, the mists of sadness lifted for a while. With White Stone in the lead as chief, our little band plodded and wound its laborious way four days across the hills into the blue distance, on to Touladi.

We were overloaded and the going was bad, so that we travelled mostly at night while the frost was in the crust. Several times the toboggan, top-heavy with the barrel, upset, spilling its passengers out into the snow, which, not liking very well, they hastened back in again before the conveyance was righted, generally after a lively altercation as to who should get in first, or else climbed on the body of the load, emitting querulous complaints of discomfort. They preferred to be in motion, and when the cavalcade was halted for any reason it was not long before the covering was pulled off the window of the caboose, and two brown heads with tiny black eyes would peer out in a most accusing silence. If a start was not soon made they became fractious, not ceasing their complaints till we got going again. I have exactly that feeling myself on a train ride, so was able to sympathise with them; but Dave's point of view was that they were getting the ride for nothing, with free meals thrown in, and that they should be more patient with us. Once the road was reached, we had no further trouble, as company teams soon picked us up, for in that country few vehicles will pass a wayfarer on foot without the offer of a lift. An official of the company, not willing to see us camping out in tents, allotted to our use a small, snug cabin on the shore of Lake Touladi. This camp, known as the "Half-way," became our home till we should choose to move.

Here we turned the beaver loose, and they spent their nights exploring the new waters, sleeping in the camp by

\* "The Beaver People," which we are publishing in instalments, is extracted from Grey Owl's new book, "The Pilgrims of the Wild," which will be published early next year by Messrs. Lovat Dickson. The first, second, third and fourth instalments were in our issues of August 25, September 1, September 8, and September 15.



day. We had many visitors, being now only five miles from Cabano, and were very contented, save for the cloud that hung heavy over the hearts of two of us. But this setback had somehow made me more determined than ever to carry on. The sacrifice at Birch Lake was not to be in vain, and never again would I desert my post and let those dependent on me foot the bill. That it should happen again was unthinkable. With set purpose and design, I commenced again to write and got away another article, though I doubted its acceptance, for my new pen seemed somehow filled with a melancholy that flowed out of it into nearly every line.

Meanwhile, we kept close watch on the beaver, as the region was full of travellers, river drivers, and habitants. They were good company on their frequent visits and seemed very friendly towards us, but Dave, who spoke French fluently, overheard more than one scrap of conversation concerning the beaver that put us doubly on our guard. And the three of us took turns to patrol the neighbourhood, so that they were never beyond earshot at any hour. Our charges were not hard to keep track of, as they were always creating a commotion at some point or another. They built themselves a funny little beaver-house a short distance away, where the water was open and the soil clear of snow. They cut and slashed small poplars and willows in all directions, and their cries and splashings and other uproar could be heard at almost any time. Just about daybreak they would scratch and call out at the door, and, being let in, would come into our beds and go to sleep. They awoke about noon, and, without waiting to eat, scampered off to the big doings outside. They had made another partition for themselves, of fire-wood, but they did not go behind it much, preferring our beds to rest in, and, as beaver live twenty or thirty years, it looked as though we would have to spend the rest of our lives sleeping on the floor.

At this time there came to live with us an old man who had for many years trapped musk-rats on these lakes. This hunt was his by right and he depended on it. On account of the danger to the beaver, his coming meant only one thing—we must move. So David went out to Cabano, intending, with his knowledge of French, to seek a job, while Anahareo and I collected the beaver, loaded them into the barrel, and, catching a passing team, moved everything to a little lake that lay beside the road, still nearer to the town. Here, under some big elms, we made camp, while McGinnis and McGinty disported themselves around an old beaver-house and dam that stood at the foot of the little pond. There was plenty of feed and water and these works besides, and they would be well fixed here till I could locate another colony in which to introduce them.

When our work was finished we went down to the lake and called them. They came racing over, and tumbled their black, dumpy bodies all about our feet, labouring under some great excitement, doubtless on account of the old beaver works. They calmed down a little to eat some sticks of candy, still jabbering away in concert, telling us, no doubt, about their discoveries and the new estate that had fallen to them, with all its ready-made castle and appurtenances. They were hardly able to contain themselves, and after a few moments of gambolling with us, during which they pulled strongly at our legs and charged back and forth as if to have us join in the fun, they hurried off to their small properties like a pair of kids to a circus; two absurd but happy little creatures enjoying their new freedom to the utmost, and who, from now on, would live as they were intended to. It was almost a year since we had found them, two tiny, helpless orphans at the point of death, and this celebration seemed a fitting anniversary. And my heart warmed the more towards them as I reflected that, in their new-found self-sufficiency and independence, they still retained that child-like attachment to ourselves that we had feared to lose.

## X.

THE BEAVER SWIM INTO THE DUSK.—THE HOPELESS QUEST.—“VANISHED LIKE THE FIGMENT OF A DREAM.”

Once during the evening they came bustling up to camp, and, coming inside, combed themselves and talked loudly and long, and roamed around in the tent as of yore, evidently recognising it, which was not remarkable, as it had been their only home for half their lives. They smelled at the stove in which they had had so many adventures, and McGinnis burnt his nose on it, while McGinty upset the grub-box, disclosing the bannock, of which they ate a goodly portion, and altogether seemed very much at home in these familiar surroundings. They had their usual petting party and even slept awhile, and it was all so like those eventful days on the Birch Lake trail, that seemed now so far away, that we were glad to be back in the old tent again, with the little stove going and our two small friends beside us in its glow. Soon they headed for their lake, two gnome-like, capering little figures that alternately bounced and waddled side by side down the water trail, and we followed them to the landing, as we always did, and somehow wished that they were small again. We watched the two V's forging ahead toward the ancient lodge, until they disappeared into the dusk. And in the

starlight, the wake of their passing made pale, rippling bands of silver that spread wide behind them and touched the shore at last, and so were lost. Once, in answer to a call, a long, clear note came back to us, followed by another in a different key. And the two voices blended and intermingled like a part-song in the stillness of the little lone-ome pond, and echoed back and forth in the surrounding hills, and faded to a whisper, and died. And that long, wailing cry from out the darkness was the last sound we ever heard them make. We never saw them any more.



THE CABIN THAT HAS A BEAVER LODGE WITHIN IT: GREY OWL, WHO IS KNEELING ON THE LODGE PROPER, LOOKING OUT OF A WINDOW TO WATCH A BEAVER AT WORK.

Grey Owl notes: "The beaver have built their lodge against the wall of the cabin, inside it. The plunge hole goes down into the lake under the protecting earthwork they have built over it. A beaver is working at it in the picture. I am kneeling on the lodge proper, inside."

This knowledge did not come to us at once, but was slowly borne upon us with the slow, immutable passage of the days. One evening passed with no ripple to break the glassy surface of the water, no eager response in answer to our calling. A second night passed, a third, and yet a fourth; and there came no racket on the water, no cheerful chattering; no familiar small brown bodies trotted up the water trail on happy visits. The rain washed away their tracks; their sticks of candy wasted quite away. At the Half-way their small works had been removed, and the unfinished lodge had been submerged and soon was swept away. There was nothing left of them, nothing at all. It was as if they had never been.

That they should follow the spring flood to the mouth of any stream was inevitable; but their return, in a country of this nature, was just as sure. We followed the stream up to its source and down to the mouth, caving-in through snow banks undermined by its flood, wallowing in slush on broken snowshoes, calling, calling. . . . We scoured the whole neighbouring district. We covered the shores of Touladi foot by foot, and followed every creek. We did this until the possibilities were exhausted, while all around us shots resounded and tracks of men criss-crossed in all directions. Anything could have happened; once we found a deer half-skinned, the hunters disturbed by our coming; here and there traps were lying set, regardless of season. I doubt if they ever reached the mouth. Tame as they were, they would be easy victims, and one man with a club could have killed them anywhere—they who so much craved affection and needed so little to be happy. And we could only hope that they had passed together to the Great Beyond, side by side, as they had lived, and that in their last moments they had known it was not we who took their lives away. A good-natured and deeply religious

people these; none the less, more than one of them had intimated that little would be added to us in the Hereafter for our consideration to creatures having neither speech nor a soul. Their principles would include no mercy to an animal. Some were sure the beaver had been killed, others were as certain they had not. We could not know, and we carried on our ceaseless, hopeless quest.

The canoe was forty miles away. We walked in and paddled back in three days. On the river bank stood the tent-poles of our camps; at one we saw a little pen of stocks, made before the days of the famous coach; a happy camp it had been. We passed the spot where they had so nearly drowned and had been saved—passed it swiftly, never speaking. That night we slept out on the beach of Temiscouata too tired to walk the five miles to our camp. The next day we resumed our search. For many more days we ranged the countryside. We scarcely ate; our sleep was troubled, and our waking hours were full of sorrow. Often we made long trips to inspect some hide we heard of: McGinnis had a burnt nose and some grey hairs; McGinty was jet black. We found, mercifully, no such skins. We questioned travellers, followed some, one or two we searched. We went armed; we made enemies. A grim and silent search it had become. Constantly we got false leads, and, momentarily buoyed up, followed them to inevitable disappointment. Sometimes, towards the last, we acted on the impulse of some foolish dream, a vision conjured up by fatigue and hunger and restless haunted slumber. There was little that escaped us, and we found beaver that no one even knew existed. And all the time we travelled we kept some dainties in the tent and on the landing; but no one ever ate them, ever came for them. And Anahareo grew gaunt and pale and hollow-cheeked; her eyes began to have a strained and hungry look. Once she said:

"I wonder what we have done. Anything else in all the world could have happened to us; anything but this." And again: "We thought we would always have them." And in her sleep she said: "They loved us."

And we hoped on long after we knew that there was nothing left to hope for. We sat at nights in the darkness by our unhappy camp beneath the elm trees; waiting, watching, listening for a well-remembered cry of greeting, or the thump of clumsy plodding feet that never came, never could come, and we saw nothing save the still lake and the silent ring of trees; heard nothing but the tiny murmur of the brook. The leaves came, and grass grew undisturbed on the ancient beaver-house; the pond dried to a marsh, and only the stream remained, running slowly through it.

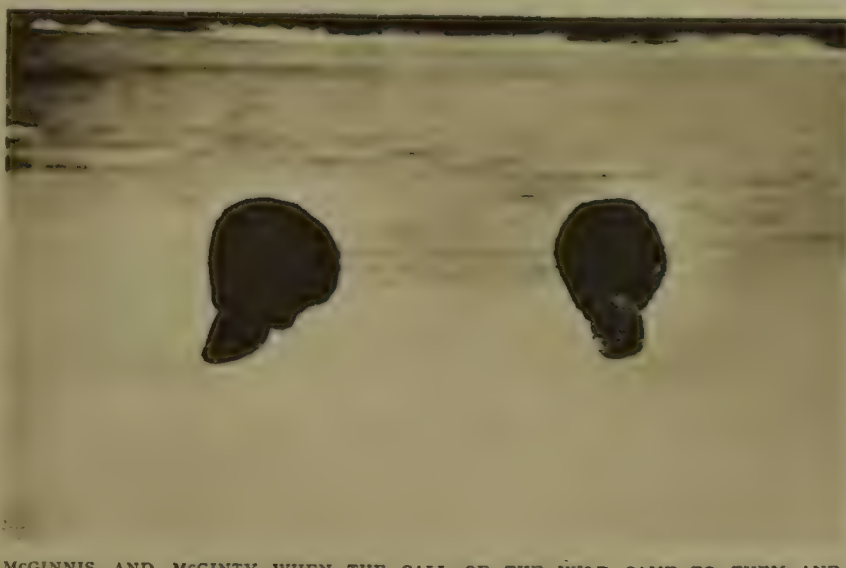
And at last we knew that they were gone for ever, into the darkness from whence they came; two random spirits from the Land of Shadows that had wandered in and stayed a little time, and wandered back again, had passed like the forgotten winds of yesterday, and vanished like the figment of a dream. And they left behind them no sign, no trace, save an empty barrel with a hole in it that sat beside the lake and dried, and warped, and fell apart, and became a heap of staves and rusty hoops.

And the aged trees, whose great drooping crowns loomed high above our heads, standing omniscient in the wisdom of the ages, seemed to brood and to whisper, and look down upon our useless vigil in a mighty and compassionate comprehension. And they stood about us in a serried dark array, as though to shield us, and this spot, from further spoliation by the civilisation that could be at once so benignant and so ruthless. For they were of the Wild, as we were, the Wild to which in our desolation we turned for a solace and a refuge, that ageless Wilderness that had ever been and would, somewhere, always be, long after we had followed our little lost companions and were gone.

And in the grove of stately elms, the little tin stove was placed high in a hidden spot with its door open, faced towards the lake. So that the small wandering spirits that might sometimes be lonely would see, and remember, and sometimes enter in, as they had done in life when they were small. And so the stove that knew so many tales might learn another and a last one, a tale of which the end is lost for ever, a story we could never, never know. For we are Indian, and have perhaps some queer ideas; yet who among you, having a faith of any kind, will deny us our own strange fancies, and tell us we are wrong or say us no.

The camp beneath the elms is far away. Yet memories linger on, and that last long haunting cry rings often in my ears. I sometimes hear it in the storm, and in the still of evening; at dawn in the song of the birds, and in the melancholy calling of a loon, half-heard and distant in the night. It wails in the minor cadences of an Indian chant, and swells in the deep notes of an organ played softly by a master hand; it mutters in the sound of sleepy streams, and murmurs in the running of the river, in the endless tolling of the waves upon a lake-shore . . . each and every one a note from the composite of Nature's harmony, chords struck at random from the mighty Symphony of the Infinite that echoes for ever on down the resounding Halls of Time.

THE END



MCGINNIS AND MCGINTY WHEN THE CALL OF THE WILD CAME TO THEM AND THEY LEFT GREY OWL AND ANAHAREO FOR EVER: THE BEAVER SWIMMING TOWARDS THE ANCIENT LODGE IN THE LAKE.

"This," writes Grey Owl, "is an actual photograph of McGinnis and McGinty taken a few days before they started on their last and fateful journey."

By Courtesy of Eugène Pelletier, Cabano, Quebec.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CONCERNING BATS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

COMMENTS, from many quarters, have been made of the scarcity of bats this year. But were they not also as scarce last year? At any rate, when I came to pitch my tent "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," I expected, during the summer months, to recover some of the lost joys of the twilight

again, in effect, a sheet of membrane. But it has many advantages over the leathern wing of the bat or the pterodactyl. For in these two, if the membrane should, by accident, become seriously damaged, flight would henceforth become impossible. But the bird renews this wing-membrane annually, and, should

evening flight of the largest and handsomest of our bats, the noctule, which Gilbert White named "altivolans," from its habit of mounting high in the air for its prey. One could see forty or fifty at a time "hawking." That its range extends from Norfolk to Cornwall, but is met with in decreasing numbers as we trace it from south to north, seems to show that climate is a controlling force in its distribution. Since it has a wing-span of about 14 in., there can be no mistaking it for any other species.

The two horseshoe bats, the greater and the lesser, are peculiarly interesting species. The first-mentioned, almost as large as the noctule, shows a decided preference for trees, and will often be seen hunting close to the ground, apparently in search of wingless insects or of species with feeble powers of flight. On the wing it displays the most surprising skill in avoiding obstacles in its path. In a room it will fly low, in and out between the legs of chairs and tables, without once touching them, even with a wing-tip.

And this skill is believed to be due to a peculiarly acute sense of touch, resident in outstanding folds of skin which, on each side of the nostrils, assume a "horseshoe" shape—hence the name—while above them it rises into a lancet-shaped peak. But the lesser horseshoe is even more adroit, and before alighting for rest has been seen to turn a complete somersault, so as to enable the claws of the hind-foot to get a grip of the desired "perch."



1. THE NOCTULE BAT (*NYCTALUS NOCTULA*), WHICH, WITH THE SEROTINE, IS THE LARGEST OF THE BRITISH SPECIES: A BAT THAT FLIES HIGH AND HAS A LONG NARROW WING.

The noctule bat, with its wing-span of some 14 inches, may be distinguished by its high flight. The serotine prefers gardens and orchards and flies low and heavily. The females, in all our bats, are rather larger than the males.

hours of past years in watching these elfin shapes, hunting for their evening meal. In this I have not been altogether disappointed, but, while I expected to see a dozen on the wing at the same time, I have had to be content with three or four at most.

What is the reason for this scarcity? May we associate it with our long drought? For there are certainly fewer flies and beetles on the wing during the evenings than is normal, and it is on these that the bats depend for food. They are, indeed, among our best friends. Yet this seems rarely to be appreciated. For most people regard them with dislike, an attitude due entirely to prejudice, more to be deplored because, when they come to be carefully examined, they prove to be among the most remarkable of living animals. In their own group, the mammals, their position is unique, for they alone possess the power of true flight.

Among the vertebrates, only three types have ever achieved flight. And they acquired it in three very different ways. The extinct pterodactyls, or flying-dragons, were the first to fly. And they attained to this by a profound transformation of the fore-limb. Herein the little finger was produced into a long, jointed rod. And attached to this, throughout its length, was a great fold of skin, running backwards down the side of the body and including the hind-legs, which, splayed out during flight, helped to expand this great flying-membrane. The rest of the fingers, from lack of use, degenerated, and served merely as hooks for the occasional suspension of the body; while the hind-limbs, in like manner, lost their power as organs of locomotion.

Now, the bat's wing is fashioned after a different model. For though here, also, a great sheet of skin is stretched out along each arm and along the body, it is expanded not by one finger, but by four, excessively slender, jointed, and carried wide apart. The thumb alone is free, and serves as a hook when climbing, and here also the hind-legs are of but little use in walking. Now compare these two wings with that of the bird. Here three fingers of the original five-toed foot have been welded together to form a long rod. And this supports a number of large and very strong feathers, known as the primaries, to join up with a similar, continuous series, known as the secondaries, running from the wrist to the elbow, forming

one or more feathers be damaged or lost, a new one will take its place.

When we linger on the lawn on still, quiet evenings, let us look with more kindly eyes on these wondrous little creatures which have come to share our paradise, for they are living marvels, and indeed merit the kindly welcome which is so seldom given them. Though no fewer than fifteen species are included in our list of British bats, three have only been taken once in our islands, and several of the others are by no means common. The two or three which every night disport themselves round my house are, I believe, pipistrelles, or possibly the long-eared, the smallest of our bats; but twice recently, down in the paddock among the trees, I have seen one or two much larger ones, and these, I suspect, are horseshoe bats.

The fact that none of these is generally distributed is interesting. But whether it is due to the effects



2. THE NOCTULE CRAWLING: A GAIT WHICH CAN BE NO MORE THAN A SHUFFLE, OWING TO THE FEEBLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HIND-LEGS AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE FORE-LEGS INTO WINGS, COMMON TO ALL BATS.

On the wing the noctule carries its young about with it, the infant holding on to its mother's fur with its claws, its teeth gripping a special pair of nipples in the arm-pits.

The long-eared bat, another fairly common but small species, stands out from its congeners by reason of the enormous length of its ears, which are nearly as long as the whole body. But besides this they contain, within the scoop-shaped trough which they form, a long, lancet-shaped, upstanding membrane, which comes into prominence when the little creature is hanging head downwards, asleep. For then the big outer ear is turned backwards, leaving this lancet-shaped portion, or "tragus," projecting and simulating the ear.

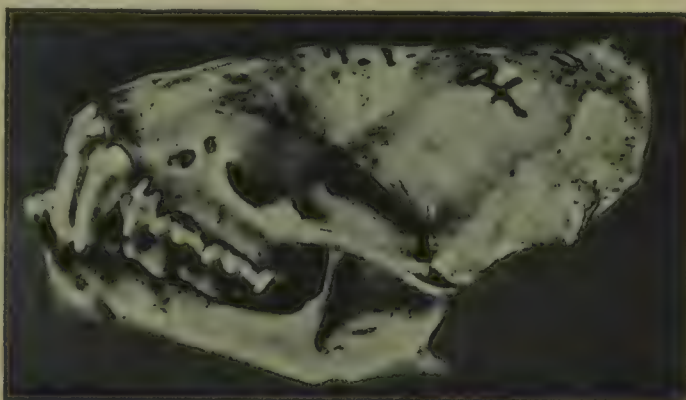
But the little pipistrelle, or "flitter-mouse" is no less of an acrobat. For it has been seen, after capturing a beetle too large to be eaten whole, to bend the tail forwards under the body, so that the membrane on

each side forms a pouch. In this the captive is placed, and there munched up while the flight continues undisturbed! Whether any other of the bats can do this I do not know.



3. THE SKULL OF THE NOCTULE BAT: FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS—THE FORMER SHOWING THE MYSTERIOUS GAP IN THE UPPER SERIES OF INCISOR TEETH.

The noctule's skull, for the size of the animal, is massive; and, as with all our bats, has a gap in the upper jaw where the two middle front teeth, or incisors, should be. Since the incisors of the lower jaw form a complete series, this gap is mysterious. The canines are of great size and the cheek-teeth are admirably adapted for crushing the hard bodies of beetles.



of climate and temperature, or merely to predilections for certain types of habitat, is a point which can only be settled by long and patient study. In Norfolk, years ago, I found great delight in watching the





## THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE:

A "SIGHT" ONLY RIVALLED BY WINDSOR CASTLE.

THERE is no sight in London more popular with visitors from the provinces and from abroad than the picturesque ceremony of the Changing of the Guard. It is said that the visit to Windsor Castle is the only attraction that rivals it in popularity. The Guard is changed in Friary Court, at the east angle of St. James's Palace, daily at 10.30 a.m., when neither the King nor Queen is in residence at Buckingham Palace. When either of their Majesties is in residence there, the guard is changed at Buckingham Palace, and a Guards' Band plays in the forecourt. St. James's Palace, the western portion of which, formerly known as York House, has since 1919 been occupied by the Prince of Wales, stands on the site of an old leper hospital. It was dedicated to St. James the Less, and is mentioned at least as early as 1100. "Henry VIII.," we read in Muirhead's Guide, "acquired the hospital and its grounds in 1532, and built a palace here, perhaps from the designs of Holbein, of which only the Gatehouse, parts of the Chapel Royal, and the old Presence Chamber remain. After 1698, when Whitehall was burned down, St. James's Palace became the official London residence of the Sovereign, where all Court functions were held, and the British Court is still officially known as the Court of St. James's." Here lived not only Henry VIII., but Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Mary. On the morning of his execution, Charles I. attended Divine Service in its Chapel, walking thence through the Park, guarded by a regiment of foot, to the scaffold at Whitehall.

FINLAY COLOUR PROCESS.



# The Story of Augustus

With apologies to "ANON"

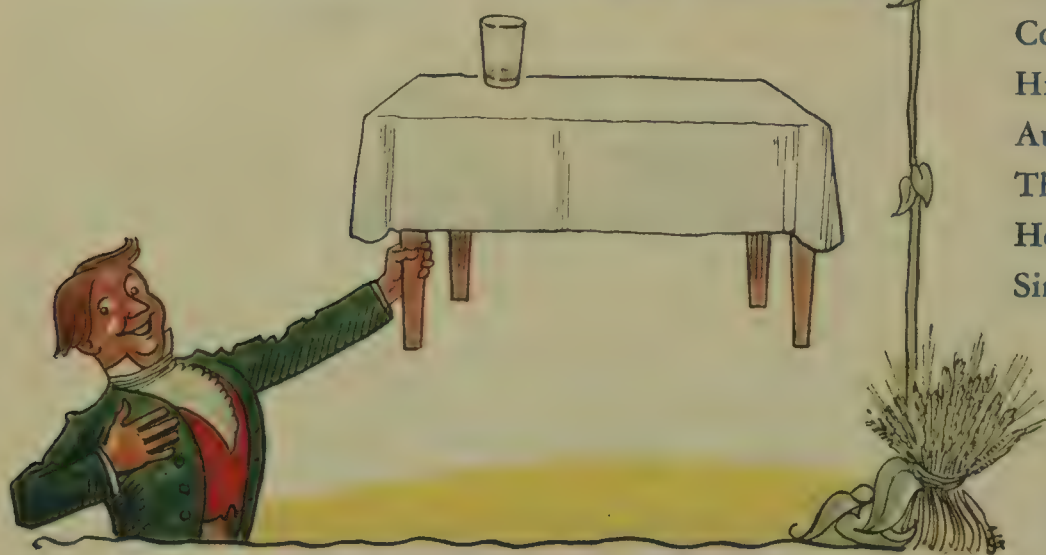
*among whose works is that book of "merry stories and funny pictures"—STRUWWELPETER*



Augustus was a puny lad,  
No strength at all Augustus had.  
At twenty he was like a rake;  
To look at him you'd think he'd break;  
You'd think that at the least mishap  
His fragile frame was bound to snap.  
Till one day, one eventful day,  
He cried—"I *will* not fade away,  
So bring me Guinness quick, I pray,  
I'll drink a Guinness every day."



Now look, the second picture shows  
How strong and broad Augustus grows.  
Yet though no longer feeling ill,  
Augustus wisely cries out still,  
"Guinness gives me strength, I say.  
Guinness is good in every way—  
I drink a Guinness every day."



Look at him now—the sturdy boy;  
Imagine his fond mother's joy.  
Confronted by such strength and size,  
His friends can hardly trust their eyes.  
Augustus demonstrates at length  
That Guinness daily gives you strength.  
He has improved in every way,  
Since he drinks Guinness every day.



A GUINNESS A DAY  
is good for you



## PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE WEEK'S NEWS.



THE RECORDER OF LONDON FOR TWELVE YEARS:

THE LATE SIR ERNEST WILD, K.C.  
Sir Ernest Wild, who died on September 13, aged sixty-five, had been Recorder of London since 1922. As a judge he was noted for consideration towards prisoners, and he often helped them to redeem their past, but he was severe on crimes of violence and blackmail. He first became prominent at the Bar by his defence in the Peasehall murder case in 1902. In 1918 he entered Parliament and was knighted.



THE FIRST WINNER OF THE LAWN TENNIS "TRIPLE CROWN":  
F. J. PERRY (RIGHT) WITH WILMER ALLISON, HIS OPPONENT  
IN THE U.S. CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL.

By retaining the U.S. lawn tennis championship, at Forest Hills, New York, on September 12, when he beat Wilmer Allison (Texas) by 3 sets to 2, F. J. Perry (Great Britain) achieved the distinction of being the first player in the history of the game to hold all at once the Wimbledon, American, and Australian championships. Only two players, W. T. Tilden and H. L. Doherty, have previously held the Wimbledon and American titles in the same year.



A YOUNG GOLFING PRODIGY: MISS NANCY JUPP (AGED THIRTEEN), THE GIRL CHAMPION, WITH HER CUPS.  
Miss Nancy Jupp, of Longniddry, who is only thirteen, won the Girls' Championship, organised by the "Bystander," at Stoke Poges on September 14, when she beat Miss Joan Montford (aged eighteen) in the final by 3 and 1. The winner's score for the seventeen holes played was 77. Miss Jupp showed wonderful skill for her age, and some of her shots evoked the admiration of international golfers present.



THIS WEEK'S MASTERPIECE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT: A TABLE-DESK OF THE HENRY VIII. PERIOD.

This table-desk, covered with painted and gilt leather, bears the heraldic badges of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon, the Portcullis, Tudor Rose, Fleur-de-lis, and other devices. Painted on the inner lid are the Royal Arms encircled by the Garter, with boys blowing trumpets as supporters. On either side, standing under canopies, are figures of Mars in armour and Venus with Cupid, the designs executed with great spirit after wood-cuts (c.1510) by Hans Burgkmair, the celebrated German engraver.



LAST WEEK'S MASTERPIECE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM:  
A WATER-COLOUR PAINTING BY THOMAS GIRTIN—"DURHAM CATHEDRAL."  
Thomas Girtin (1775-1802) and J. M. W. Turner were born in the same year, and they grew up as friends. "If poor Tom had lived," said Turner, "I should have starved." Girtin's novel and powerful style exercised great influence on contemporary artists. This masterpiece of water-colour art dates from about 1798. Durham, one of the most picturesque sites in England, has long been a favourite subject with painters, and Girtin made several drawings of it. This subject was omitted from our last number for reasons of space.



THE POLISH FOREIGN MINISTER, WHOSE VIEWS  
ON MINORITIES CAUSED DISCUSSION AT GENEVA:  
COLONEL BECK.

At Geneva recently, Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, made a speech which was regarded as a denunciation by Poland of the Convention for the Protection of Minorities signed in 1919 by Poland, France, Great Britain, the United States, Italy, and Japan. Later, Sir John Simon spoke on the subject, pointing out that Poland had accepted certain Treaty obligations, and that the terms of the Treaty could not be overlooked.



THE HELMSMAN OF "RAINBOW," DEFENDING THE "AMERICA'S" CUP AGAINST "ENDEAVOUR":  
MR. HAROLD S. VANDERBILT; WITH HIS WIFE.

Six pages in this number are devoted to this year's contest for the "America's" Cup (between "Rainbow," the defender, and Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's "Endeavour," the challenger), and to the past history of the great yachting event. Mr. Vanderbilt, who steers "Rainbow," is an exceedingly fine helmsman, and is especially good at starting. In 1930 he raced "Enterprise" against "Shamrock," winning all four races (that is, the best out of seven).



A HOME OF ANNE BOLEYN NOW TO BE RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION:  
BULL'S LODGE, BOREHAM, A HISTORIC TUDOR HOUSE IN ESSEX.

This interesting old house—Bull's Lodge, Boreham, near Chelmsford—has associations with the tragic romance of Anne Boleyn. It was at one time her home, and Henry VIII. is said to have visited her there. It is now reported that the house has been bought by Mr. Henry Ford, the American motor magnate, and is to be restored to its former condition. The cost of the work has been estimated at about £3000.



# THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE: ROYAL

# AND POPULAR WELCOMES FOR PRINCE GEORGE'S FIANCEE.



PRINCESS MARINA AFTER SHE HAD DISSEMBARKED FROM THE CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WAVING HER THANKS TO THE CROWD AS SHE LEFT FOLKESTONE FOR LONDON BY THE BOAT TRAIN.



PRINCESS MARINA MET BY PRINCE GEORGE ON HER ARRIVAL IN LONDON: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AT VICTORIA STATION, WHENCE THEY DROVE TO YORK HOUSE WITH THE PRINCESS'S PARENTS.

AS noted under the photograph reproduced on our front page, Princess Marina, Prince George's fiancée, landed at Folkestone with her parents, Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, on Sunday, September 16. The journey to London was made in a Pullman coach, which was detached from the boat train at Herne Hill and brought in by itself.

(Continued below.)



LONDON'S GREAT WELCOME TO PRINCESS MARINA: THE CROWD CHEERING AS THE ROYAL CAR WAS DRIVEN FROM VICTORIA STATION TO YORK HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



AT BALLATER, AN ROUTE FOR BALMORAL CASTLE: PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA AT THE STATION ENTRANCE, WHERE THEY WERE MET BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AND WHERE THE KING'S GUARD OF HONOUR WAS MOUNTED.

to No. 2 platform at Victoria. There Prince George, who had travelled from Balmoral through the night, was waiting to meet the Princess. There was no official ceremony. After Princess Marina had alighted, Prince George kissed her on the cheek, and then greeted Prince and Princess Nicolas. The royal party left the station in three cars—the Prince and Princess in the first, which was drawn up within a few yards in order that a bouquet

(Continued above.)

might be presented by Miss Helen Stamatakis (in the uniform of the 5th Vauxhall Troop of Girl Guides), on behalf of the Greek Ladies' Club in London. There was a large crowd outside the station, and the engaged couple were received with cheers. These were renewed by those gathered on the route to York House, and again at York House, when the Prince and Princess appeared at a window and bowed acknowledgments. Later, the royal party joined the Aberdeen express at King's Cross. The train reached Aberdeen soon after seven on the morning of the 17th, and the journey to Ballater was continued by special train. At Ballater, the Prince and Princess and the Princess's parents were met by the Duke and Duchess of York, with whom was Princess Elizabeth; and they were heartily welcomed by the local people. In the station square, the King's Guard of Honour of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's) was mounted, under the command of Major G. H. A. MacMillan. During the drive to Balmoral there was further cheering. At Balmoral, the Royal Highlanders paraded under the command of Major Alexander Macdonald. As the cars stopped, the King and Queen stepped from the terrace of the Castle to the lawn, where they welcomed their future daughter-in-law, their son, and the Princess's father and mother—an event chronicled as follows in the Court Circular dated September 17: "Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, with Princess Marina, accompanied by the Prince George, arrived at the Castle this morning."



AT BALMORAL CASTLE, WHERE PRINCESS MARINA WAS WELCOMED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: HIS MAJESTY THE KING ABOUT TO ARRANGE THE ROYAL PARTY FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BELOW.—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: HIS MAJESTY THE KING; H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA; H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE; HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN; AND H.R.H. PRINCE NICOLAS, THE PRINCESS'S FATHER.



ARM-IN-ARM AT BALMORAL CASTLE: H.R.H. PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE, MOTHER OF PRINCESS MARINA; HIS MAJESTY THE KING; H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA; H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE; HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN; AND H.R.H. PRINCE NICOLAS OF GREECE, FATHER OF PRINCESS MARINA.





"ENDEAVOUR": THE "AMERICA'S" CUP CHALLENGER RUNNING BEFORE A LIGHT WIND; HER VAST PARACHUTE SPINNAKER, WITH "TOM RATSEY'S PEEP-HOLES" IN IT, DRAGGING A LITTLE IN THE SEA.

The great interest aroused this year by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's gallant challenge for the "America's" Cup was immeasurably increased when it became known that the first race, sailed on September 17, had been won, after a magnificent struggle, by "Endeavour." It was only the fourth time in the whole history of the contest that the challenger had won a race. After the race on September 15 (re-sailed on September 17 by virtue of the rule

which declares a race void if neither yacht finishes within five and a half hours), both sides had cause for disappointment—"Rainbow" because time had narrowly robbed her of victory, and "Endeavour" because her opponent's superiority in light airs was apparent. However, in the fresh breeze prevailing on September 17, "Endeavour," although in the worse position, held her own wonderfully well to windward, and, rounding the windward mark a few seconds



"RAINBOW": THE "AMERICA'S" CUP DEFENDER RUNNING BEFORE A LIGHT WIND; HER PARACHUTE SPINNAKER, BOOMED OUT TO PORT, FILLING NICELY IN THE GENTLE BREEZE.

after "Rainbow," soon passed through her weather on the run home and retained her lead to win by two minutes eight seconds. Our photographs show the two yachts running before the wind during trials. Each is carrying the vast, unwieldy parachute spinnaker used when the wind is aft. "Endeavour's" studded with holes. This device is an invention of recent years, designed to allow the spent air to escape from the spinnaker. It used to be

nicknamed "Tom Ratsey's peep-holes" after the famous Cowes sail-maker. The value of these holes has never been conclusively proved, and the American boats have not adopted them. But at least they do no harm; and it is worth noticing that in the race of September 17 "Endeavour" gained her lead over "Rainbow" while carrying just that type of sail. Elsewhere we give a double-page illustrating the history of the "America's" Cup.





ON "RAINBOW'S" DECK: BILLLOWING FOLDS OF THE MAINSAIL AS THE SAIL IS LET DOWN AFTER A TRIAL CRUISE.



"RAINBOW'S" PROFESSIONAL CREW: OPERATING A HAND-WINCH ON DECK FOR HOISTING SAIL.

THE DEFENDER'S CREW OF SCANDINAVIAN PROFESSIONALS, WHO ARE COMPETING AGAINST THE CHALLENGER'S CREW OF MIXED AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

In the "America's" Cup races being decided off Newport, Rhode Island, while we go to press, the crew of the defender, Mr. Vanderbilt's "Rainbow," is composed, with the exception of one amateur in charge of the mainsheet, entirely of professionals who are all either Norwegians or Swedes. There is little doubt that

professionals who are all either Norwegians or Swedes. There is little doubt that Scandinavian sailors, who invariably man American racing yachts, are the best yacht sailors in the world. "Endeavour's" crew is predominantly amateur.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGARET DOCKRE-WHITE. COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



"ENDEAVOUR'S" AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL CREW: MAKING SAIL ON THE CHALLENGER—ONE MAN (RIGHT) IN THE BOSUN'S CHAIR, IN WHICH, ON SEPTEMBER 17, A PROFESSIONAL SEAMAN WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS.

In the series of "America's" Cup races that began on September 15, a predominantly amateur crew in "Endeavour" was pitted against "Rainbow's" Scandinavian professionals. In "Endeavour" there was Mr. Sopwith as helmsman; Mrs. Sopwith as timekeeper; Mr. Gerland Penny, in charge forward to

supervise sail-setting; Mr. Frank Murdoch attending to the rigging; and, to complete the afterguard, Mr. Charles Nicholson, the designer. Captain Williams was professional skipper; Captain Paul, navigator; there were three professional seamen besides the mates, cooks, boatswain, and steward; and fourteen amateurs.

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# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE BRITISH SPEEDBOAT-DRIVER WHO RECENTLY SET UP A NEW WORLD RECORD FOR SINGLE-ENGINED BOATS: MR. SCOTT PAINE IN "MISS BRITAIN III." At Venice on September 18 Mr. Hubert Scott Paine broke the world's record for single-engined boats over a measured mile, his average speed for the course (both ways) being 177.185 kilometres per hour (about 111 m.p.h.), "at present unofficial." His boat, the 1300-h.p. "Miss Britain III," had one five-year-old Napier engine. The world-record of 124.981 m.p.h. was made by Gar Wood in "Miss America."



A VIENNA BRIDGE MOVED BODILY 85 FT.: SPECTATORS WATCHING THE RECENT TRANSFER OF THE REICHSBRÜCKE—(ON RIGHT) PART OF THE MACHINERY USED.

A remarkable engineering feat was successfully accomplished at Vienna on September 12, when the Reichsbrücke, a bridge 1122 ft. long across the Danube, was lifted bodily to a fresh position 85 ft. away. The operation was watched by members of the Austrian Government and thousands of other spectators. At the point from which the structure was removed there is to be built a new suspension bridge 77 ft. wide, twice the width of the old one.



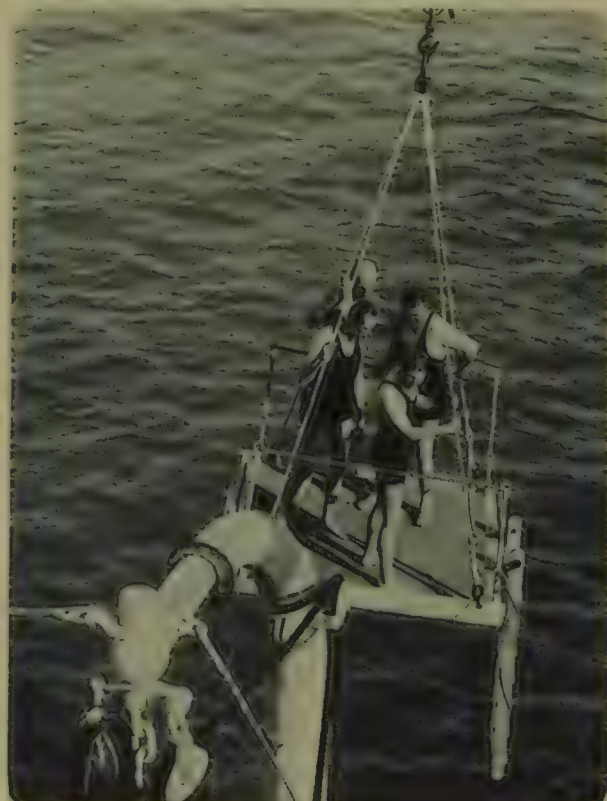
A PARACHUTE DESCENT ON A LION CAGE; AND A TRAINER (IN THE CAGE) KEEPING OFF THE ANGRY ANIMALS.

Mr. B. H. Turner, a parachutist, jumped from an aeroplane on Sept. 14, to descend on the projected Kingston and Surbiton aerodrome, but landed on a cage containing a lion and lioness in the Chessington "Zoo," Leatherhead. They leapt for his feet. An animal-trainer, Hans Brick, entered the cage and forced them back till he got free.



THE "AMERICA'S" CUP: THE TROPHY FOR WHICH "ENDEAVOUR" CROSSED THE OCEAN, TO MAKE THE 15TH CHALLENGE.

The trophy for which Mr. Sopwith challenged was irreverently nicknamed "the old mug" by Sir Thomas Lipton, who made five gallant but vain attempts to regain it between 1899 and 1930. It has been in the keeping of the New York Yacht Club since 1851.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (LEFT) BATHES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN FROM A PLATFORM LOWERED FROM H.M.S. "SUSSEX."

The Duke of Gloucester is now on his way in the cruiser "Sussex" for his official tour in Australia. During the voyage from Marseilles to Port Said he missed no opportunity of bathing daily in the Mediterranean. Here he is seen with members of his staff and Captain Bonham-Carter on a special bathing-platform lowered by crane over the side of the ship.



THE TEXTILE STRIKE IN THE UNITED STATES: NATIONAL GUARD SENTRIES BEHIND A SHIELD AT THE MILLS AT KANNAPOLIS, NORTH CAROLINA.

The United States textile strike, which began on September 1, when over 600,000 workers were called out, was still continuing nearly three weeks later. The majority of those called out went on strike. The dispute concerned wages and hours of work. On September 5 Mr. Roosevelt intervened by appointing a board of three members to mediate on the strike. Feeling ran highest in the south and in New England. There were serious riots in North and South Carolina, Georgia,



FIXED BAYONETS AND REVOLVERS READY IN THE AMERICAN TEXTILE STRIKE: NATIONAL GUARDSMEN AT GREENVILLE, S.C., FACING A HOSTILE CROWD.

and Rhode Island, troops were called out, and numbers of people were injured and killed. On September 17 Mr. Francis Gorman, leader of the strikers, issued a public warning that, unless the dispute was settled that week, all divisions of the industry, involving a further 100,000 workers, would be ordered out. It was thought that 13,000 troops were then on duty trying to maintain order. Strike areas within Georgia were put under martial law by Mr. Talmadge, the Governor.



## WHEN FRIENDS MEET



*"Chilly Evenings now!" "Yes - one gets quite a 'White Label' feeling!"*

**DEWAR'S**  
The Famous  
"White Label"



## Canada's Fourth Centenary: Jacques Cartier Celebrations.



THE "GRANDE HERMINE," FLAGSHIP OF JACQUES CARTIER, SAILING WITH HIS EXPEDITION TO CANADA: THE SUBJECT OF EXTENSIVE FRENCH, CANADIAN, AND BRITISH CELEBRATIONS IN CANADA TO MARK THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF JACQUES CARTIER'S LANDING.  
*From the Painting by Mathurin Méheut.*



JACQUES CARTIER'S HOUSE AT LIMOILLOU AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE GREAT NAVIGATOR'S RETREAT IN A LITTLE VILLAGE NEAR ST. MALO, WHERE HE RETIRED TO LIVE IN PEACE AND OBSCURITY AFTER HIS EXPLORATIONS, DYING THERE ABOUT 1554.

*From the Painting by Mathurin Méheut.*



JACQUES CARTIER, WHO DISCOVERED CANADA IN 1534: A PORTRAIT OF THE NAVIGATOR.

*From an Engraving by Hamel after the Picture by Riss in the Hôtel de Ville Museum at St. Malo.*

In our issue of August 11 we gave a full-page reproduction in colour of a sixteenth-century map illustrating Jacques Cartier's landing on the banks of the St. Lawrence in 1542, when he founded the first permanent settlement. In 1534 he had made his first landing in Canada—a date taken to mark the discovery of the country, which is now celebrating its fourth centenary. The steamship "Champlain" from France, bearing descendants of Cartier, and a French delegation headed by M. Flandin, Minister of Public Works, arrived at Charlottetown on August 24, and on the following day celebrations began at Gaspé, at the spot where Cartier and his company, in two little ships of sixty tons, first approached the shores of the New World. Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister of Canada, read a message from the King, and unveiled a white granite memorial cross on the spot where Cartier planted a wooden cross. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher,

Warden of New College, Oxford, was the official British delegate. On August 27 the celebrations shifted to Quebec, and a holiday spirit pervaded the city for three days. They were continued at Three Rivers; at Montreal, where the great bridge spanning the St. Lawrence at Montreal Harbour was renamed the Jacques Cartier Bridge, and was dedicated; and later at Ottawa, where, on September 3, Senator Gagnier du Parcq, Mayor of St. Malo, on behalf of the French delegation, presented to the Canadian Government a model of the "Grande Hermine," Cartier's flagship in the voyage of 1535. It was the work of Yves Flamar, an artisan of St. Malo, and in it were used small nails taken from the wreck of the "Petite Hermine," another of Cartier's ships. The "Grande Hermine" herself, which our picture shows sailing on her historic voyage, was of only 120 tons. The "Petite Hermine" was of 60 tons and the third ship even less.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is seldom nowadays that one finds undue modesty in the literary world, for the custom of the time demands—and usually receives—a degree of egotism that would have staggered our grandfathers. I myself (observe the emphasis on the first person singular!) have felt the prevailing influence. Some thirty years ago I was told by an eminent poet (in a letter which I have recently had occasion to exhume) that I had “carried self-abnegation to a point probably wise in biography,” but he hoped that in any future work I should be less “suppressive of the ego.”

This particular spasm of self-assertion has been induced by perusing “JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF REGINALD VISCOUNT ESHER.” Edited by Maurice V. Brett. Vol. I. 1870-1903. With seven illustrations (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 25s.). Here we have a book of first-rate importance and exceptional interest, as a contribution to Court and political history during the latter half of Queen Victoria's reign and the first two years of King Edward's. The material (doubtless exceedingly voluminous) seems to me to have been admirably selected and edited, and the reader's path is made smooth by such useful signposts (too often omitted in books of this kind) as marginal side-headings, footnotes, and dates at the head of every page. The index, too, is very full, though perhaps a little over-classified. My only complaint about the editing (and here comes in the excess of modesty) is that the editor himself, after his brief appearance on the title page, completely disappears so far as writing in his own person is concerned. There are many extracts from letters “to M. V. B.,” but I cannot trace any passage definitely identifying “M. V. B.” with the late Colonel Maurice Brett. It is sad to learn that he did not live to see the result of his excellent and self-effacing labours in print. His death does not appear to be mentioned in the book, in any prefatory note or otherwise.

Having found that the above identification is correct, I feel sorry Col. Brett did not give us a portrait of his father in his own words, or tell us anything of their personal association. To judge from the letters, it must have been life-long and much closer than the usual relations between a Victorian parent and his children. The intimate character of the letters to “M. V. B.” is exemplified when Lord Esher writes (in 1903) regarding an enclosure: “You will gather once more the impression of the charm of friendship with a woman whose mind rings true. They are very rare—almost as hard to find as the shy intimacies with the wild creatures of the Ancient Wood. I let you read these letters, not only because from you I have no secrets, but also because I hope that some day a friend cast in similar mould will wander down the valley and meet you, as this friend met me—long ago. Portia, Viola, Rosalind—all the dreams of the poets seem realised here.”

Lord Esher is well remembered, of course, as it is only four years since his death, and his manifold interests (politics, military affairs, society, sport, literature, and the stage) are self-revealed in these delightful letters and journals. At the same time, the younger readers of to-day would have welcomed, I think, a brief preliminary appreciation, by one who knew him perhaps best of all. It is true that there is a “Foreword,” but it is little more than a series of extracts (mostly from Lord Esher's schoolboy letters from Eton) intended to cover rapidly the first eighteen years of his life. There is also a useful summary of his public career printed on the wrapper, but this note is, naturally, anonymous, and lacks the personal touch of a biographer. I hold strongly that such an introduction, when authentic and necessary to the understanding of the subject, should be incorporated in the book itself.

Lord Esher, we are reminded, though seldom in the limelight, was one of the most influential men of his time, and, especially in social and ceremonial matters, was long

“a power behind the Throne.” In politics, too, and national affairs generally, his advice was widely sought. As Secretary to the Office of Works, and later as Deputy-Governor (ultimately Governor) of Windsor Castle, he was closely in touch with the Royal Family. Besides the Diamond Jubilee, he was mainly responsible for organising Queen Victoria's funeral and King Edward's Coronation. His letters and journals abound in fresh facts and anecdotes about the Queen and her Ministers, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the ex-Kaiser, and countless other interesting people. Particularly notable are his allusions to the changed atmosphere of the Court after Queen Victoria's death, and his early recognition of Edward VII. as “a great-hearted King.” Memorable, too, are his references to Gladstone, Chamberlain, Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and the other generals concerned in the South African War. Lord Esher was on the subsequent Royal Commission, and his account of the evidence is given in a series of letters to King Edward, to whom also he submitted, as Chairman of the War Office Reconstitution Committee, wise counsel on the reform of our military system.



1534: JACQUES CARTIER AND HIS COMPANIONS SAILING UP THE ST. LAWRENCE IN THEIR CARAVELS.



1934: THE “CHAMPLAIN” PASSING THE SAME SHORES BEARING A FRENCH DELEGATION TO COMMEMORATE CARTIER'S DISCOVERIES.

On the opposite page we give in colours a drawing of Jacques Cartier's flagship on the voyage of 1535, the “Grande Hermine,” and describe the fourth-centenary celebrations recently observed in Canada. Here are two contrasting drawings, that above illustrating Cartier's first voyage, in 1534, when the expedition consisted of only two ships, each of sixty tons. It was the first time a European had sailed up the St. Lawrence.

Equally significant of the esteem in which Lord Esher was held as a statesman were the various offers of high posts which he declined. Among them, successively, were those of Under-Secretary for the Colonies and for War, Secretary for War, and Viceroy of India, not to mention an earldom. There can be few parallels in public life to this record of refusals. Apart from its historical value as a picture of the Court and the inner circle of politics, however, the book has the fascination that can only spring from personality. The character of the man counts more than his position. It is the incidental comments on life, the philosophical reflections, and the play of humour and geniality that give the volume its compelling appeal.

Reminiscences of the Royal Family even more intimate than those of Lord Esher, as coming from an actual scion thereof, are contained in “THE STORY OF MY LIFE.” By Marie, Queen of Roumania. Vol. I. With thirty-three illustrations (Cassell; 18s.). This is an autobiography of captivating charm, frank, vivacious, and unreservedly revealing. Queen Marie, of course, is the widow of the late King Ferdinand. Her father was the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, who married the only daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia. Queen Marie herself was born in Kent, and her sympathies, as well as her earliest memories, have remained English. Her mother's affections, however, were rooted in her own native

land, and she could not quite share her daughter's preference for England. “This is one of the sadnesses,” writes Queen Marie, “of mothers who are ‘exported,’ or should I rather say ‘imported’?; when their own children become in their turn ardent patriots, they can never quite realise how their mothers also cling to the countries of their birth.” There is little sadness, however, in the story of Queen Marie's youth, with its gay reminiscences of Eastwell Park, Clarence House, Scotland, Russia, and Malta, until the time when she and her sisters were of an age for serious education.

That more sedate period began when the family moved to Coburg, and there two sinister influences appear—their brother Alfred's tutor, and Fräulein, their governess. “Dr. X,” we read, “was German ‘Kultur’ at its worst, arrogant, masterful, over-ruling everyone else, turning the best into ridicule, laying down the law, intolerant, tyrannical. But, worst of all, he hated everything that was English, and this is what brought conflict into our lives. His object was to uproot in us the love of England and to turn us into Germans. We resisted this with all our might, pitting our wills against his with that magnificent courage of children when their gods are attacked.” Fräulein, whom Dr. X eventually married, was of a more insidious type.

This phase of Queen Marie's recollections is not at all typical of the happy temperament pervading the rest of the book, for, as she points out, her inclination is not to speak ill of anyone. “I see the good in people,” she writes, “rather than the bad, the pity and pathos in wickedness and sin rather than the crime; far rather would I help with kind words than punish with a rod. . . . If this speciality of mine is going to be an irritation to you, then throw down my book straight off, because you will meet this spirit of optimistic tolerance all through its pages.” It is in such a spirit, rather than with vindictive denunciations, that she recalls the tragic fate of many of her mother's Russian kinsfolk, from the assassination of Alexander II. to the cruelties of the Bolshevik revolution. With far greater zest she dwells on the happy side of her youth, and she gives us many delightful glimpses of home life, not only among relatives on the Continent, but also those in England, especially “Grandmama Queen” (Queen Victoria), “Uncle Bertie” (King Edward), and “Aunt Alix” (Queen Alexandra). She hits off character with skill and humour, and gives very felicitous expression to her love of places and of beauty in nature.

Perhaps the most joyous chapters in the book are those concerning the Malta period, when that island was a paradise to three little girls still free from scholastic trammels. There were high jinks, it seems, at picnics and riding parties when young naval officers from the Fleet came ashore. Among them was our present King, of whom Queen Marie writes: “Cousin George, though ten years older than I, was also very young in those days, and not a bit too grand and grown up to be happy in our company. I do not think he was even called the Duke of York in those days, but simply Prince George. He was also in H.M.S. *Alexandra*, under my father's command. . . . He, too, was able to keep the unruly trio in order. . . . There were also glorious rides with Cousin George, who had a horse called Real Jam, a beautiful glossy bay. . . . Whenever he could, Cousin George joined our Saturday picnics, and he was fond of declaring that the ‘dear three’ were much better behaved and less unruly when he was leader of the wild horde.”

Queen Marie concludes this first volume of her autobiography with the story of her engagement and wedding, and we leave her setting out on a new stage of her life's journey, full of grief at this first parting from all she loved at her home. Remembering that, in her subsequent years, her family has formed links with the royal house of Greece, it seems possible that in her next volume we may look for some allusions to the present Prince George's bride-elect, Princess Marina. C. E. B.



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "EVENSONG."

IT is conceivable that the famous novel "Evensong," by Mr. Beverley Nichols, might have enriched our screen-drama with a fine character-study if its adaptation had adhered to the author's theme—the twilight of a prima donna. But—it could not then have provided a star part for Miss Evelyn Laye. Miss Laye is an admirable actress, as well as a fine singer. She proves her histrionic powers in the last phase of the picture, the tragedy of an aging diva, defeated by time, superseded by youth. Here the scenario draws closer to the book, and Miss Laye rises to her finest effort. Yet it would have been flying in the face of the public and the box-office to have denied this charming singer her period of radiant spring-time, her triumphs in the opera house at the zenith of her beauty and her vocal powers, her Venetian romance and her *tendresse de cœur*. Admirers of the book—and they are legion—may protest against the ruthless shearing away of nearly all the qualities that made Irela, as the author drew her with a firm hand, an individual, a complex character composed of generosity and miserliness, of fierce possessiveness and irresistible fascination, tyrannical, jealous, and tragic. But this question of "free" adaptation of well-known works for the purposes of the kinema is almost as old as the pictures themselves; the *pros* and *cons* of it have been stated and restated. Therefore, our present concern is rather whether the "Evensong" of the screen, a Gaumont-British production directed by Mr. Victor Saville and introduced to London at the Tivoli, offers compensation for its losses. The answer is emphatically "Yes." Mr. Saville has handled his leading lady in the grand manner, and he has skilfully buttressed her fragile loveliness with the almost menacing strength of Mr. Fritz Kortner as Irela's adamant manager, Kober. The picture traces the Irish prima donna's career from her elopement to Paris with a young musician, destined to impinge again on the story as a shell-shocked soldier after the war (a part admirably played by Mr. Emlyn Williams), and her gradual transformation from the simple Maggie McNeil to the glorious Irela, toast of a dozen capitals, the world at her feet, to say nothing of a handsome Archduke. If the major part of the picture, therefore, finds no place between the covers of the book and falls into line with a form of drama with which the screen has made us familiar, it does enable the director to spin a web of glamour round the central figure.

Moreover, the production provides a feast of song, in which not only Miss Laye, proceeding gracefully from one operatic gala night to another and patriotically through the turmoil of the war, but also Mr. Browning Mummery and Miss Conchita Supervia participate. The latter's portrayal of Irela's successful rival is a vivid piece of work, with a touch of comedy about it that emphasises the poignancy of the worn-out singer's humiliation and surrender. A neat and clear-cut sketch of Irela's—or, rather, Maggie McNeil's—singing teacher comes from Miss Alice Delysia; and Miss Muriel Aked's faithful dresser is shrewdly observed. The story moves fluently withal, despite the very frequent interruptions of melody, with which the public will not quarrel, though personally I could have wished that the gondolieri and the citizens of Venice had been a little less exuberant in their tuneful tributes to the prima

demand any scenic audacity. It suffices that the settings are planned on a large scale, and, shifting as they do from a simple Irish interior to opera houses, Italian palazzo, and Imperial halls, that they attain the pictorial polish, the solidity, and the lavishness of *décor*s which we have come to expect from the Shepherd's Bush studios.



"NELL GWYN," A NEW BRITISH HISTORICAL FILM: NELL (ANNA NEAGLE) PLAYS UP TO KING CHARLES (CEDRIC HARDWICKE) AND THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH (JEANNE DE CASALIS), WHO ARE IN THE ROYAL BOX.

"Nell Gwyn," a new British and Dominion film, directed by Herbert Wilcox, began its run at the Leicester Square Theatre on September 19. The two chief parts are taken by Miss Anna Neagle as the Cockney Nell and by Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the King.

## COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

The film industry, always on the look-out for a fresh sensation to give a filip to the trade, has for some time past foreshadowed the definite arrival of colour as the legitimate successor to sound. Mr. Walt Disney's enchanting and completely successful exploitation of his technicolour system in his Silly Symphonies must undoubtedly be regarded as a milestone in the development of colour photography, since it has led to renewed interest in colour for the ordinary screen play. The result, shown privately in a short Mexican—and therefore colourful—comedy called "La Cucaracha," is noteworthy, since it carries colour photography several steps further towards its goal. The new process is a perfection of the three-colour system, which utilises three rolls of film photographed simultaneously, as against two films formerly employed. By this tri-chromatic process, the three primary colours—red, yellow, and blue—are photographically blended. All of which I quote unblushingly from publicity for the benefit of amateurs of the camera, being no expert myself. I do know, however, that "La Cucaracha" is wholly free from the usual fringing and overlapping of colours, and that certain effects, such as the moving of a figure from moonlight into warm lamplight, are definitely fine. "La Cucaracha" shows no exteriors, in which I have always found a certain oppressiveness in colour photography, but its interiors have gained in depth and true perspective, whilst the face tints remain clear and natural. Of the "third dimensional values" claimed, I confess I saw nothing, nor do I regard this as important. The main thing is that this test production made by Pioneer Pictures is well in advance of its predecessors. Its success has prompted Radio Pictures to use this form of colour process for "The Three Musketeers," in which Mr. Francis Lederer will star, and for Mr. Merian C. Cooper's forthcoming film of "The Last Days of Pompeii." It may well be that this bright little picture, in which Miss Steffi Duna, Don Alvarado, Mr. Paul Porcasi, and a colourful chorus (all very Spanish and temperamental) lend themselves picturesquely to the test, may have far-reaching results.

## "SING AS WE GO."

It can be no easy matter for the film producer to cater for Miss Gracie Fields. This Lancashire lass, who has sung her way into the hearts of the people, is not a droll like Miss Cicely Courtneidge; she does not lend the keen edge of caricature to her characterisations, and yet, like Miss

Courtneidge, she turns the commonplaces of life into things of infinite jest. She can suggest romance; she can touch the pathetic note, yet her curiously austere beauty seems to lift her above the merely pretty love stories of the screen. Her power—apart from a strong and gallant personality—lies in her capacity for coming very close to

the preoccupations of her public. Grave or gay, they are hers for the moment. She makes her songs of them out of a deep understanding of human nature. Therefore it behoves her scenario writer to devise situations, be they comic or serious, wherein Miss Fields may still be her sincere and forthright self, funny because she has a sense of fun and not because she can be funnier than her material.

Mr. J. B. Priestley has invented a story for her in "Sing As We Go," presented at the Plaza, that in itself is nothing more than a series of escapades, not to be taken seriously for a moment, with a fairy-tale finale and no particular depth. Yet this frolicsome yarn of a mill girl, losing her job when the cotton mill closes down and bravely bicycling off to Blackpool to accept any post that comes along, has a friendliness, an echo of the ups and downs of life, that enable Miss Fields to give of her best. Frank and hearty, she plunges into absurd adventures, protects young love at the expense of her own dreams, and heads the triumphal march back to the mills, whose fortunes



CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS CHARLES II. IN "NELL GWYN," AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE: THE KING WITH ONE OF THE SPANIELS NAMED AFTER HIM.

she has been instrumental in restoring, punctuating her progress with songs, a "good companion" all the way. To place her against a Blackpool background was an inspiration, for she has the strength to stand up to it, and Mr. Basil Dean's imaginative treatment of the carnival city, for all its hurly-burly and holiday humour, does not overshadow her. Mr. Dean is to be congratulated on his Lancashire fantasia. He brings the cotton mills and the fun fair, the gigantic looms and the "giant wheel," the scenic railways and the swimming-pool, to the screen with a vision that invests them all with a virile, forceful beauty. Blackpool, city of loud-speakers and loud pleasure, lives through a hectic day and gathers majesty about it with the evening shadows, when a lovely bit of photography catches the tracery of girders against a darkening sky. There is liveliness in the acting as well as in the settings, mirth in Mr. Stanley Holloway's pompous policeman and Mr. Frank Pettingell's genial old roysterer, youthful charm in Miss Dorothy Hyson's and Mr. John Loder's pair of lovers.

"Sing As We Go" aims at and succeeds in being thoroughly popular entertainment, giving Miss Fields the opportunities she deserves, but its real achievement is the intelligent use of a definitely British background.



"THE IRON DUKE"; NOW BEING MADE AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH: GLADYS COOPER (LEFT) AS MADAME AND LESLEY WAREING AS LADY FRANCES.

In the forthcoming Gaumont-British film, "The Iron Duke," starring George Arliss in his first British film, Gladys Cooper is making her first appearance in a "talkie." She is taking the part of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, or Madame, as she is called, that being the title used in France for the wife of the King's brother or nephew.

donna in their midst. But this is the Venice of lovers' dreams, and the *tenore robusto* singing to the rhythm of his oar is as much a part of it as the ardent Archduke's serenades. Mr. Victor Saville's production scores by his sense of good showmanship rather than by any desire to break new ground; nor, indeed, does the story, as it now stands,



## THE "MORRO CASTLE" DISASTER : THE PERSONAL ASPECT OF THE TRAGEDY.



MRS. ABRAHAM COHEN, WHO, WITH HER HUSBAND, JUMPED FROM THE BURNING "MORRO CASTLE" AND SWAM AND DRIFTED FOR SOME SIX HOURS BEFORE BEING PICKED UP OFF SEAGIRT.



MR. AND MRS. ABRAHAM COHEN—WITH ONE LIFE-JACKET BETWEEN THEM—SWIMMING TOWARDS SEAGIRT, ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST, WHERE THEY WERE PICKED UP.



MR. ABRAHAM COHEN AFTER HE AND HIS WIFE HAD BEEN SAVED AND TAKEN TO MANASQUAN; SHOWING THE LIFE-JACKET THAT MADE POSSIBLE THEIR LONG SWIM FROM THE LINER.



MRS. GOUVERNEUR M. PHELPS AT THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY; WITH HER LEFT ARM IN A SLING OWING TO AN INJURY SHE RECEIVED AFTER HAVING JUMPED FROM THE BURNING LINER WITH HER HUSBAND, TO DRIFT FOR SIX HOURS.



RESCUED MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE "MORRO CASTLE" AT SPRING LAKE, NEW JERSEY.—LOST IN THE DISASTER: 18 PER CENT. OF THE CREW; OVER 29 PER CENT. OF THE PASSENGERS.



MR. E. F. WARMS, ACTING-CAPTAIN OF THE "MORRO CASTLE" AT THE TIME OF THE DISASTER, GIVING EVIDENCE AT THE INQUIRY, WHEN HE ADVANCED THE THEORY THAT THE FIRE MIGHT HAVE BEEN STARTED PURPOSELY.



GOVERNOR A. HARRY MOORE AND CAPTAIN JOHN A. CARR, WHO FLEW OVER THE BURNING "MORRO CASTLE" TO SPOT SURVIVORS IN THE SEA; SHOWING THE TYPE OF "SMOKE-POT" THEY DROPPED WHEN THEY HAD SIGHTED ANYONE.



MR. GEORGE W. ROGERS, CHIEF RADIO OFFICER OF THE "MORRO CASTLE," WHO MADE STARTLING ASSERTIONS AT THE OFFICIAL INQUIRY, ALLEGING THAT HE RECEIVED THE ORDER TO SEND THE S.O.S. AFTER OTHER SHIPS HAD QUESTIONED LAND STATIONS AS TO "A LARGE SHIP AFIRE OFF THE JERSEY COAST."—HERE SEEN WITH HIS WIFE.



DR. CHARLES COCHRANE, A BROOKLYN SURGEON (SEEN WITH HIS NIECE, ALSO A SURVIVOR), WHO CAME ASHORE IN A LIFEBOAT AND TOLD A "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT THAT THERE WAS NO PANIC WHERE HE WAS ON THE LINER.

The following notes concern certain of the pictures reproduced above.—Mr. Cohen, formerly well known as a football player, is a strong swimmer, but his wife can only swim a few strokes.—Dr. and Mrs. Gouverneur M. Phelps and his wife were among the survivors who were rescued from the sea after having been spotted by an observer in an aeroplane. The airmen engaged belong to the National Guard.—Mr. E. F. Warms had taken command of the "Morro Castle" a few hours before the disaster, the Captain of the ship having died suddenly. At the

inquiry, he suggested that the fire might have been started purposely, but he did not rule out such causes as a lighted cigarette.—Mr. George W. Rogers, the chief radio operator of the "Morro Castle," made some startling assertions at the inquiry, more particularly with regard to alleged delay in the order for the sending of the S.O.S. call, and he alleged that the radio room was already on fire when he received the order. Acting-Captain Warms, giving evidence at the inquiry, denied that there had been any delay.



## THE "MORRO CASTLE" DISASTER: THE GUTTED PLEASURE-CRUISE LINER; RESCUE-WORK; AND OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION.



UNLAUNCHED LIFEBOATS ON THE PORT SIDE OF THE "MORRO CASTLE"; AN INVESTIGATOR GOING ABOARD THE BURNT-OUT LINER BY BREECHES BUOY AFTER SHE HAD RUN ASHORE AT ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.



IN THE BURNT-OUT LINER: THE GUTTED B DECK OF THE "MORRO CASTLE" STILL SMOULDERING AFTER THE VESSEL HAD RUN ASHORE AT ASBURY PARK.



A LIFEBOAT FROM THE BRITISH LINER "MONARCH OF BERMUDA" NEARING THAT RESCUE-SHIP WITH SURVIVORS: THE CREW USING LEVERS (WORKING A PROPELLER) INSTEAD OF OARS, ANYONE THUS BEING ABLE TO ASSIST.

As we noted when dealing with the subject pictorially in our last issue, the United States steamship "Morro Castle," of the Ward Line, bound from Havana to New York and finishing a pleasure cruise, was found to be on fire early on the morning of September 8, when she was off the New Jersey coast, twenty miles south of the Scotland Light at the entrance to New York Harbour. The S.O.S. call was sent out after an interval whose duration has been much discussed, and ships in the neighbourhood hastened to the rescue, among them the British liner "Monarch of



PATNETIC RELICS ABOARD THE "MORRO CASTLE": ARTICLES OF CLOTHING, WOMEN'S SHOES, AND VANITY BAGS, AND BOOTS DISCARDED BY PASSENGERS WHO LEAPT INTO THE SEA, DECIDING TO FACE DEATH BY DROWNING RATHER THAN BY BURNING.



IN THE BURNT-OUT LINER: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GUTTED B DECK—THE SECOND OF THE ILL-FATED PLEASURE-VESSEL'S FIVE DECKS.



ONE OF THE "MORRO CASTLE'S" LIFEBOATS, WITH SURVIVING PASSENGERS ABOARD, BEING HAULED ASHORE AT SPRING LAKE, NEW JERSEY, ON THE DAY OF THE DISASTER, WHICH COST SOME 135 LIVES.

Bermuda," the United States ships "City of Savannah" and "Andrea F. Luckenbach," and a tanker belonging to the Ford Company. They could do little more than pick up survivors in the water. The first-named saved seventy-one persons. The launching of the "Morro Castle's" lifeboats was very difficult, as there was a strong north-easterly gale, and the Acting-Captain, Mr. E. F. Warns, stated at the official inquiry that only boats on the port side could be got away, the flames cutting off the starboard side. As we write, the cause of the fire remains a mystery.

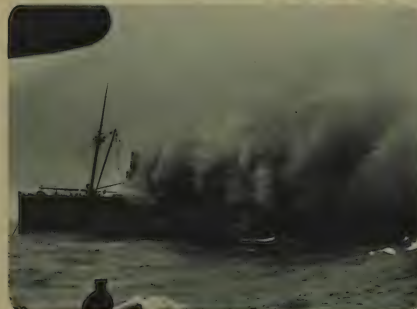
## THE "MORRO CASTLE" DISASTER: RESCUE SHIPS STANDING BY THE LINER; PASSENGERS SAVED; THE GUTTED SHIP ASHORE.



THE BURNING "MORRO CASTLE" BETWEEN THE RESCUE SHIPS "MONARCH OF BERMUDA," A BRITISH LINER, WHICH SAVED 71 (LEFT), AND "ANDREA F. LUCKENBACH" (RIGHT): A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "CHESTER."



THE "MORRO CASTLE" AFTER SHE HAD BROKEN AWAY FROM TOWING TUGS AND HAD RUN ASHORE AT ASBURY PARK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE GUTTED LINER WITH SOME OF HER LIFEBOATS UNLAUNCHED; AND THE CROWD ON THE BEACH.



THE "MORRO CASTLE" WITH THE FLAMES SWEEPING OVER HER AFTER-PART, THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST DESTRUCTION: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE FORD TANKER "CHESTER," WHICH STOOD BY.

The "Monarch of Bermuda" was the first ship to reach the "Morro Castle" in answer to the "S.O.S." call. Other vessels that were of the greatest assistance were the United States ships "Andrea F. Luckenbach" and the "City of Savannah," to say nothing of the Ford tanker "Chester." The Acting-Captain, Mr. E. F. Warns, who had taken command after the death of Captain Robert E. F. Willmott, some six hours before, remained aboard his ship with thirteen members of the crew until she had run ashore at Asbury Park, after having broken away from two tugs and a



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE "MONARCH OF BERMUDA": THREE LIFEBOATS FROM THAT BRITISH RESCUE SHIP STANDING BY TO SAVE PASSENGERS, SOME OF WHOM ARE SEEN LEAVING THE "MORRO CASTLE'S" STERN BY ROPE LADDERS.



THE BLAZING LINER, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF THE BOWS, WHERE THE ACTING-CAPTAIN AND THIRTEEN OF THE CREW, STICKING TO THEIR SHIP, REMAINED UNTIL SHE WENT ASHORE.

coastguard cutter towing her towards New York; and then much persuasion had to be used before he would come ashore. The latest statement as we write is that over 29 per cent. of the passengers were lost, and 16 per cent. of the crew. According to Reuter, the Ward Line figures are: survivors, 414 (passengers, 225; crew, 189); passengers dead, 66; missing, 27; crew dead, 20; missing, 22. Thousands went to see the ill-fated liner at Asbury Park. Twenty-five cents was charged for access to Convention Pier, the best view-point, and these fees went to a fund for the crew.





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English trade, which is designed to bring to the attention of a much wider public than is generally to be found browsing in the London auction-rooms and galleries, those pieces of furniture, textiles, silver, pottery, porcelain, *et alia*, which, owing to the deficiencies of our tongue, are generally called by the clumsy word "antiques." It is not an exhibition, but a fair—which means that, as objects are sold, they will be replaced by something else from the owner's stock. It is announced that half the entrance fee of 2s. will be given to the Personal Service League. By the time these words appear the opening ceremony will have been performed by Lady Reading, supported by Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P. A charitable organisation which is doing real good in the world will thus benefit from the go-ahead methods of the dealers concerned; never before, so far as I know, has a big modern hotel been harnessed to the service of the arts of past centuries. The scheme is one upon which the late Mr. Arnold Bennett, with his almost professional interest in the intricacies of hotel management, would have cast a benevolent and slightly sardonic eye.

When I first heard about the idea, a few weeks ago, it was introduced to me as though it were rather a catch-penny affair, by means of which a good deal of somewhat ordinary stock might be unloaded upon an unsophisticated public; and more, I listened silently to a sort of lecture, fit only for the minds of children, to the effect that, as long as a thing was old, it was necessarily worthy of admiration. That shrewd business men, in these enlightened days, should be capable of that sort of nonsense almost passes belief, and makes one wonder how on earth they came to drift into so interesting a profession as the buying and selling of works of art. The truth is, surely, that our ancestors produced almost as much rubbish as we do ourselves, but that what has survived is in the main characterised by very good craftsmanship and a very definite sense of style and appropriateness, while even their more dished attempts have a certain historical value as landmarks in the social history of their times.

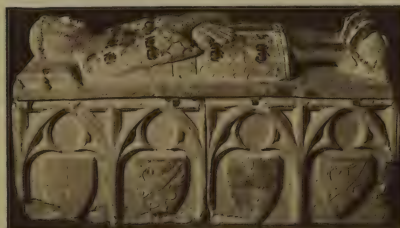
It is only just to say now, with as much emphasis as possible, that the first impression that was thus given to me was wholly mistaken; for I have seen many of the objects that will be on view when the Fair opens, and have many other photographs before me now. Some of these things are very fine indeed, and, so far, I have not been shown one

## THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR:

September 21—



1. A WORK OF ART OF THE HIGHEST ORDER: THE FIGURE OF A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH TOMB WHICH IS PROBABLY THAT OF DON RAMON DE PERALTA.



2. THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH TOMB WHICH IS A FEATURE OF THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: A WORK THOUGHT TO HAVE COME FROM A CHURCH OR CONVENT NEAR PERALTA, IN ARAGON.

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## A GROSVENOR HOUSE EVENT.

October 13, 1934.



3. CHELSEA PORCELAIN THAT WAS BOUGHT BY THE BANKERS OF INDIA IN ABOUT 1760: A CENTRE VASE AND A PAIR OF SIDE VASES; BEARING THE GOLD ANCHOR MARK.

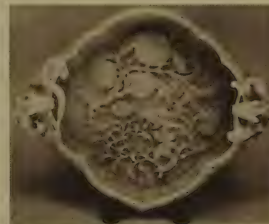
The centre vase is 17 inches high. The other pieces are 14 inches high.  
Shown by Messrs. Stoner and Evans, Ltd., 3, King Street, St. James's Square, by whose Courtesy they are reproduced.

is always hearing complaints that it is possible to buy a chair for "X" for £5, while "Y" demands £50 for the same thing; and when you enquire into the matter, you find that one, though quite genuine, is coarsely made and of a bad colour, while the other is perfect in every way and is well worth the extra money. There's no arguing with people who obstinately refuse to see any difference between good and poor quality: all one can do is to suggest that at this show they are likely to meet with examples of both the good and the less good, and leave them to make their own choice.

The really important piece of the exhibition is undoubtedly the sculptured effigy illustrated in Figures 1 and 2, and this not because it is presumably worth a great deal of money, but because it is a work of art of the highest order. The figure is in mail armour with a sleeved surcoat enriched with heraldic decoration. Its hands are crossed over a sword, on the pommel of which is a coat of arms. Face, cushion, and surcoat are painted, and the effigy rests on a stone slab upon a base divided by four arches, in each of which is a shield, the alternate ones carved with a gryphon. Mr. Charles Beard identifies the figure, with reasonable certainty, as that of Don Ramon de Peralta, Captain-General of Aragon, and Grand Admiral of Aragon and

which is not well worth the serious attention of anybody who has an eye for good quality or even a sentimental regard for the ordinary accomplishments of the past. I am informed that very special pains are being taken to ensure that whatever is on view at the various stands shall be undeniably what it pretends to be. There is always a danger that there may creep into a big mixed exhibition, such as this, one or two items not above suspicion: apparently every single object is to be submitted to a committee of experts

chosen from among the exhibitors, and this committee—or, rather, committees, for each section arranges its own "vetting"—will function daily. If you ask: "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" the answer is that exhibitors, in their own interest, will be sufficiently jealous of their good names to insist upon a proper standard of authenticity. The most difficult and casual visitor should, then, be able to look about him with confidence on that score: what he must be prepared to find is a considerable variation in price on different stands between two apparently identical objects—two chairs, for example. It is a strange fact that one



4. SYMBOLISM AND BEAUTY IN JADE: A BOWL OF THE MING DYNASTY (17th-18th century).  
The extreme diameter over the handles is 10 inches. The depth of the bowl is 2½ inches.

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## CHINESE WORKS OF ART



One of a pair of unusual carved wooden figures of Lohan, Ch'ien Lung period 1736-95. Height 1ft. 11ins.

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September 21st to October 13th, 1934.  
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Oil Painting "THE RIGHT SORT" One of a set of four engraved by J. Harris. by W. J. SHATTO

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*(Continued.)*

Sicily, who died in 1348. It must originally have rested in a church or convent near the little town of Peralta, in Aragon; how it could ever have been allowed to leave its country of origin is a matter for patriotic Spaniards to explain—that it will in due course be appreciated at its true worth in some great public collection, either here or in the United States, is hardly open to question. All the countries of Europe, ourselves included, are developing an enlightened public conscience over the disposal of works of art which can reasonably be scheduled as monuments of national importance, and it is hardly likely that in the future many such remarkable objects will find their way across the frontiers of the Peninsula. Spaniards who read this note, while regretting that the effigy of Don Ramon has travelled far from his place of burial, will have at least the consolation of knowing that by it many hundreds of Englishmen will have gained a new and deeper understanding of the achievements of the land which later gave birth to Velasquez and Goya. Comparison with fourteenth-century English work of a similar character would be an interesting—indeed, an exciting—enquiry, but would make of an article intended to give a brief indication of the scope of a particular show a long monograph upon a series of great mediæval sculptures. We must descend, rather abruptly, to a lower level of accomplishment and to things which can form part of the ordinary domestic interior.

There is, however, one other object which is also definitely religious and monumental which must be referred to in passing—a beautiful Græco-Buddhist head from North-West India, of the second or third centuries A.D., one of those strange and impressive pieces of sculpture which are not the least of the results of the far-flung conquests of Alexander the Great, and combine the direct vision

of the Hellenistic tradition with the subtlety of Indian religious feeling. A little too severe, perhaps, for the taste of many who will halt in front of it, but none the less, in its simple sincerity, a notable relic of a lost civilisation. Shown by the same firm, and likely to make a more immediate appeal to the average man, is the jade bowl of Fig. 4—greyish-white tinged with green, translucent, and carved with that extraordinary sense of balanced rhythm which distinguishes the Chinese lapidary of every century. As with many other jade carv-



6. EARLY ENGLISH PROVINCIAL SILVER OF MUCH INTEREST: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CUP AND PATEN MADE BY THOMAS HAVERS AND BEARING THE NORWICH TOWN MARK FOR CIRCA 1675.

Shown by Messrs. How of Edinburgh, 13, Berkeley Square, W.1, by whose Courtesy they are Reproduced.

ings of the fifteenth century and earlier, this bowl provides one with a sort of epitome of doctrine which combines a wholly poetical visual conception of flowers and fruit with practical wishes for good fortune. The outside is carved with cloud forms in relief, among which are five bats, symbolising the "Five Blessings"—longevity, riches, peace, love of virtue, and "an end crowning the life." Inside is a spray of peaches, and a spray of Ling Chih, or sacred fungus of longevity. In Taoist lore, the peach-tree is the Tree of Life in the Western Paradise; its fruit ripens but once in a thousand years, and confers



5. AN UNUSUAL MAHOGANY PIECE OF ABOUT 1735: AN ARTIST'S TABLE.

This is 2 ft. 4½ in. square, with a height of 2 ft. 8 in.

Shown by Messrs. Stair and Andrew, Ltd., 24, Bruton Street, by whose Courtesy it is Reproduced.

immortality on those who eat it. The openwork handles are boldly carved in the shape of those beneficent rain-bringing creatures, dragons; each holds in his mouth a spray of the sacred fungus. The popularity of this sort of symbolism among the Chinese is to be seen in many examples of both porcelain and jade, and other carvings, and is one of the reasons for the extraordinary fascination Chinese things exercise over Western minds. One sees something like this, decides it is fine in colour and form, and then forgets that as a work of art it is really independent of purely literary considerations: one begins to plunge into uncharted seas of folk-lore and religious belief, and

if one is not careful, becomes an encyclopædia of curious mediæval speculations upon the immortality of the soul—a harmless amusement, but liable to blur the eyes in front of small miracles such as this, which is either a consummate piece of excellent craftsmanship in an intractable material, or a mere commentary upon a delightful and poetic legend. Its symbolism merely adds to our interest; it is not essential to our enjoyment.

Less easily appreciated in a monochrome reproduction is Fig. 7: Kuan-ti, the God of War, seated in a shrine, the whole piece, with the exception of the faces, covered in a brilliant turquoise-blue glaze. This not very serious contribution to the edification of the elect is of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644 A.D.). Those who are reasonably familiar with the pottery pieces found in the tombs of the Han and T'ang Dynasties will note how the pleasant trick of showing a charming little figure smiling from an upper window appealed to Chinese taste from very early times, and has remained throughout nearly two thousand years an engaging touch in nearly every representation of a building. A good-humoured conservatism could scarcely go further. A pair of yellow vases shown by the same firm, which are decorated in underglaze blue, with a scroll pattern, and belong to the following dynasty (Khang-Hsi), exhibit just those qualities of beautiful form and



7. A WORK OF THE MING DYNASTY (1368-1644): A SEATED FIGURE—PROBABLY KUAN-TI, THE GOD OF WAR.

Shown by Messrs. John Sparks, 128, Mount Street, by whose Courtesy it is Reproduced.

restrained colour which were the peculiar contribution of Chinese porcelain manufacturers to ceramics. Some large Ming vases in fine colours are also certain to attract enthusiastic notice. Recent investigations into porcelain technique during the fifteenth century, and referred to from time to time in

*(Continued overleaf.)*



8. "SWISS."—BY J. F. HERRING, SENIOR. (1795-1865.)

Among other races, "Swiss" won the Champagne Stakes.

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A twelve-sided Heppelwhite tripod table, the top of satinwood veneered on mahogany and with mahogany stand, of fine colour and quality and original throughout, circa 1775. (From the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Jersey, Middleton Park, Bicester). Dimensions: Height 2 ft. 5 ins. diameter of top 3 ft. 4 ins.

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Continued.]

these pages, have modified the view generally held as recently as twenty years ago that all Ming porcelain is invariably characterised by an almost brutal downrightness both of shape and decoration; these large vases come between the extreme subtlety of much of the very early blue and white and the brilliant vital character of the rest.

An English attempt to imitate the technical triumphs of the only originators and begetters of porcelain is well illustrated by Fig. 3, a centre vase and two side vases on a ground colour of turquoise blue, the panels painted with figures in an agreeable mixture of the French and Chinese manners. Each piece bears the "Gold Anchor" mark, and they were bought about the year 1760 by the then Marquess of Bute, who gave them as a wedding-present to friends in Geneva. There they remained until quite recently, when they were acquired by an English collector.

The artist's table of Fig. 5, with its movable top, is one of those unusual mahogany pieces of about 1735 or so which exhibit the taste of a somewhat heavy decade in a striking manner. Neither before nor since was such care lavished upon the details of carving in the solid: ten years earlier, the weight is there, but not the carved detail; twenty years later the lines have become more refined, and the whole structure lighter.

Finally, in the Cup and Paten of Fig. 6 is to be seen the sober good taste of an English provincial silversmith of the seventeenth century. These two pieces, made at Norwich by Thomas Havers, were presented to or bought for the church at Bergh Apton, Norfolk, in 1675. The Diocesan Chancellor recently granted a faculty for their sale, in order to provide funds for repairs to the fabric. I personally believe that rectors and churchwardens ought to exercise more ingenuity in raising money than by selling the plate of which they are the guardians; however, armchair criticism without a knowledge of the facts is not cricket.

It is sufficient to note that here are two pieces of early English provincial silver offered for sale; they are deconsecrated, and can be used for secular purposes without offending anyone's religious susceptibilities. If, as a result of these remarks, someone walks into the exhibition, buys them, and presents them to the church again, I shall feel that Antique Dealers' Fairs are more than ever to be encouraged.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "MURDER IN MAYFAIR," AT THE GLOBE.

MR. IVOR NOVELLO has many gifts as a dramatist, but he lacks the rather important one of construction. For an entire act his play drifts around, much like a barge broken loose from its moorings; here and there nearly running aground, now and again running sweetly with the tide. Miss Zena Dare is immensely amusing as that type of semi-professional business woman who optimistically hopes to make a living by selling things to all those friends who are willing to buy from her so long as she does not send in an account. She has a son (Mr. Robert Andrews), who is in love with Auriol (Miss Edna Best). Auriol, however, is in love with Jacques (Mr. Ivor Novello), who, for his part, is in love with Mary Ventyre (Miss Fay Compton). The whole of the first act, which is in two scenes, is spent in setting out this imbroglio. It is a moot point whether Mr. Novello's dialogue is more cheap than clever; but that it is theatrically effective cannot be denied. His characters are stock ones, however, and his situations melodramatic. Miss Best plays a drug pervert who, about to become a mother, persuades Mr. Novello that he is the father. On the day of his marriage he learns that the woman he loves, Miss Fay Compton, is a widow. The second act, in which the murder in Mayfair is committed, is effective enough—two women fighting for the possession of a man is the stuff of which drama is made. The play was received with enthusiasm. Miss Edna Best, in the unfamiliar rôle of a drug-fiend, gave, perhaps, the best of many admirable performances.

### "THE SHINING HOUR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The scene is a Yorkshire farmhouse. Not a typical one, one feels, for during the first act most of the characters spend their time bandying airy persiflage more suggestive of the early days of Mr. Noel Coward than a bleak night on a Yorkshire moor. However, the dialogue is easy enough and extremely amusing. The first hint of tragedy is when an elder brother returns with his bride (Miss Gladys Cooper). A younger brother (Mr. Raymond Massey) falls in love with her; and she with him. There is the making of grim, Greek drama here, but the author somewhat spoils his effect by causing a hobbledehoy boy of twenty also to make advances to the lady. It is difficult to believe that the wife of

the younger brother (Miss Adrienne Allen) should, within a fortnight, realise that she has lost her husband for ever, and, loving him so much, immolate herself beneath the falling roof of a burning barn. But if this isn't life, it is very good theatre.

The Duke of Gloucester will launch the new Orient Line steamer *Orion*, which is being built at Barrow-in-Furness for the company's Australian mail service by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs. The ceremony will be at 11 a.m. on Dec. 7. Great interest attaches to the event, as his Royal Highness will then be in Australia, and, at the time in question, will be attending a concert of the Returned Soldiers' Association in Brisbane. Therefore, he will launch the ship by wireless. Absolute precision in timing will be essential, owing to the tides at Barrow. The function is arranged with the co-operation of the Overseas Telephone Services of his Majesty's Post Office in Great Britain and of the similar Department in Australia.

A really splendid folder in gilt and colour, with charming photographs of travel scenes in various West Indian Isles and ports on the Spanish Main, has been printed, in this country, for the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company, illustrating the advantages of travel to the West Indies by vessels of the Colon Line of this company, calling at Dover on the outward and at Plymouth on the homeward run. Specially cheap return fares are quoted for tickets to such ports as Barbados, Trinidad, Kingston (Jamaica), and Castries (St. Lucia); also to Curaçao and to ports on the Spanish Main—i.e., the coasts of Venezuela, Colombia, and Panama—and there are round cruises of from twenty-three to forty-nine days' duration, for which exceptionally low rates are charged. The service is a fortnightly one, and tickets of the Colon Line are interchangeable with those of the Surinam, a sister line, whereby tourists are able to visit Paramaribo, in Surinam, a very attractive and out-of-the-way port, and also Madeira, on the homeward run. It may be mentioned that the *Colombia* of the Colon Line, a motor-run ship, is one of the finest vessels running from this country to the West Indies, and it makes the fastest passage between Dover and Barbados. The folder mentioned will be supplied free of charge on application to Phs. Van Ommeren (London), Ltd., 19, Pall Mall, S.W.1, the agents for the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company in this country.

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# Of Interest to Women.

## TRAVEL COATS AND SUITS

### Fashion Flies.

Most assuredly does fashion fly, and so do the eccentricities. Nevertheless, there are certain fundamentals that remain. A bizarre note that has aroused much interest is the brassière evening corsage. It is innocent of shoulder-straps and is usually arranged in points which are cleverly boned. This idea need not be taken seriously. The tunic is accepted and must be considered. It terminates four or five inches above the hem of the skirt, is belted, and many novel notes are present in the neck-line. It is here that women may express their individuality. At the back it may be slit up from the waist to the nape of the neck, and a bow with streamer ends alight on the shoulders. It is made in rich satin as well as in brochés and lamés, and must be of a contrasting colour and material to the skirt. It may be that a Cossack coat trimmed with fur takes the place of this accessory. Sashes have their rôles to play; they fasten with a flat bow at the side.

### Cashmere Pull-Overs.

No one can cavil at the statement that there is nothing warmer or softer than cashmere; it is ever so light in weight and perfectly ventilated. The new pull-overs have aroused the enthusiasm of sportswomen. The colour is natural; nevertheless at the waist there is a woven-in belt in tweed shades. Furthermore, there is a wool lace yoke which is an integral part of the scheme, and a little fluted basque. Destined to be worn with these are plain cardigans with useful pockets. Capes reinforced with waist-coats are in the limelight, as well as boleros. Fashions in hats change rapidly. At the moment there is a decided vogue for those that have been inspired by the headgear worn in "The Private Life of Don Juan" and "White Horse Inn." It is believed that these ideas will be modified and the Cossack cap and Robin Hood hat triumph.



### Off the Beaten Track.

There are many women to-day who are travelling off the beaten track by 'plane and car, and they need things that are simple: nevertheless, the cut must be excellent. It is for them Burberrys have built the suit in the centre of the page. Naturally, it is also suitable for country wear in general. The fabricating medium is West of England check suiting. Note the arrangement of the collar, which may be worn either open or closed. The scheme is completed with a felt hat. The black, oil-dressed nappa coat on the left could appropriately be worn with this suit. It is reinforced with an Australian opossum collar. Now, regarding the suit seen in conjunction with this coat, it is available from ten guineas, carried out in gabardine lined with a wool fabric, and trimmed with oil-dressed nappa leather to match the coat. If preferred, this garment may be cut in two pieces, or, again, a skirt may take the place of the trousers. As a matter of fact, there are many variations on this theme.

### Travel Shoes.

Footwear is of paramount importance when travelling. There are mosquito- and over-boots galore, all endowed with their own particular advantages, which are well known. A new travel boot has made its debut. It protects and supports the foot without pressure, and emphasis must be laid on the fact that at the end of the day the feet are rested instead of weary. It is made of glacé kid and is of the Oxford persuasion; has perforations at the sides which fulfil two missions—they ventilate and decorate; the tongue is cleverly cut and is so arranged that there is no ridge when it meets the shoe; and the cost is 49s. 6d. Furthermore, they look particularly smart with tailored suits and wrap-coats of all kinds. Stockings have most assuredly come into their own again. Women now realise that the nerves in the vicinity of the toes must be protected; hence the return of these accessories, silken and otherwise.



The world moves fast, and there are many things to think of, among them being travel coats and suits. Burberrys in the Haymarket are past masters in designing something that is different and at the same time practical. To them must be given the credit of the models pictured on this page. The coat above is of slimmer of a pale ecru shade which does not show the dust. It is lined throughout with tweed showing a dog-tooth check. The coat below is carried out in flecked tweed with adjustable fur collar. In this instance it is fox, but any other fur could be substituted.





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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MY motoring friends living abroad will be glad to learn that the 1935 cars built in Great Britain are growing larger, both in engine rating and coachwork. That is the effect of the 25 per cent. reduction in the horse-power rating road tax licence fee, which comes into force on Jan. 1, 1935. Consequently, 20-h.p. cars will on that date only pay 15s. per horse-power in place of 20s., and so folks willing to pay £15 annual tax in the past will now run 20-h.p. cars instead of 15-h.p. rated vehicles. Thus, for example, the Alvis Firefly "Twelve" is discontinued for the coming year, and its place is taken in the Alvis 1935 programme by the Firefly "Fourteen," to my mind a much improved car for the money asked for it—£490 for the open tourer and £510 for the saloon. All the new Alvis cars have larger engines, as the stroke has been lengthened from 100 mm. to 110 mm. They also have twin silencers and extractor pipes to carry off oil fumes. Another improvement is that the gear-boxes of all models have four (forward) silent synchromesh gears, so that changing from first to top is simple throughout all gears. But, as a rule, Alvis owners are good drivers, and can change gears and use them, so easier gear-changing may not be so important as it is for less high-bred cars.

But to return to the new "Fourteen," which has its four cylinders 73 mm. bore and 110 mm. stroke, giving 1842-c.c. capacity for its 13.22-h.p. rating, this car's wheelbase and track correspond with those of the Alvis Silver Eagle "Sixteen," namely, 9 ft. 10½ in. by 4 ft. 4 in. track. So it carries a very roomy body. Besides the "Sixteen" there is the Alvis Crested Eagle, of 20 h.p. for limousine coachwork, and the "Speed Twenty," the latter largely remodelled. This latter has

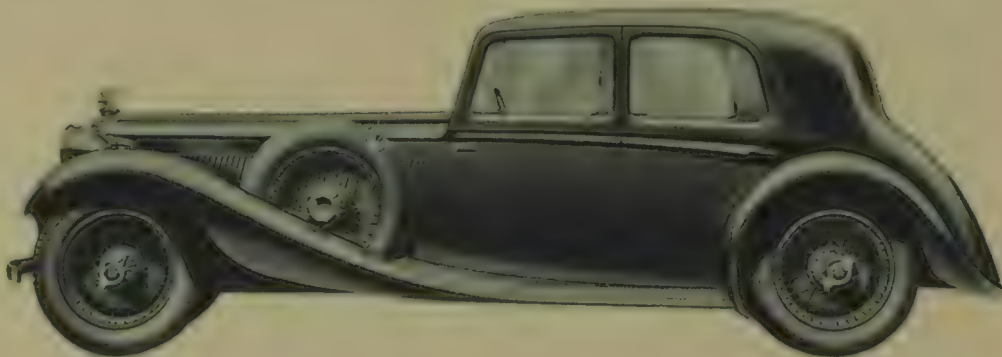
independent front-wheel suspension of a new design, a double dropped frame, and semi-elliptic rear springs on outrigger brackets, with leaf springs of lower periodicity than last season's model. Telecontrol for the shock-absorbers is fitted to front and rear suspension systems.

The Humber and Hillman cars were given on Sept. 11 such a wonderful display of the various models

at Rootes, Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, that I saved myself the journey to Coventry to inspect them at the works. In fact, Devonshire House is a permanent motor show of notable cars suitable for all purposes and sizes of purses. Ever since the Hillman "Minx" was introduced, I have maintained that it is the roomiest small car in the British motor market, and I have seen nothing to beat it in any of the rival new models. It still maintains its premier position for 1935, with its synchromesh gears on all four speed-ratios. At £159 for the family saloon or £179 for the de-luxe, the motorist receives full value for the cash expended. Perhaps I might mention that the 1935 Hillman cars are more silent, by reason of an improved design exhaust-silencer and a larger air-cleaner on the carburetter intake. Fashion decrees that the 1935 cars shall have no outward-showing excrescences, or that

these shall be reduced to a minimum. Therefore the new Hillman models of both four and six cylinders have no external radiator-caps. Also lowered chassis-frames make entrance and exit easier, as well as adding safety by better road-holding qualities. The "vari-load" springs also improve riding comfort, as they practically abolish side-sway on corners, as well as give the adjustment necessary for varying loads.

One of the nicest carriages on exhibition at Rootes, Ltd., at the present time, is the Humber sedanca-de-ville, with coachwork by Thrupp and Maberly. It has character, which is the ideal aimed at by the carriage-owner in the purchase of a new car—something that stands out as his very own in good taste. There is also here on show an attractive 16-60-h.p. Humber saloon, in dove-grey, as well as a four-light and a six-light saloon with a division. Beyond minor detail improvements there is no alteration in prices or design in the larger of the new Humber models.



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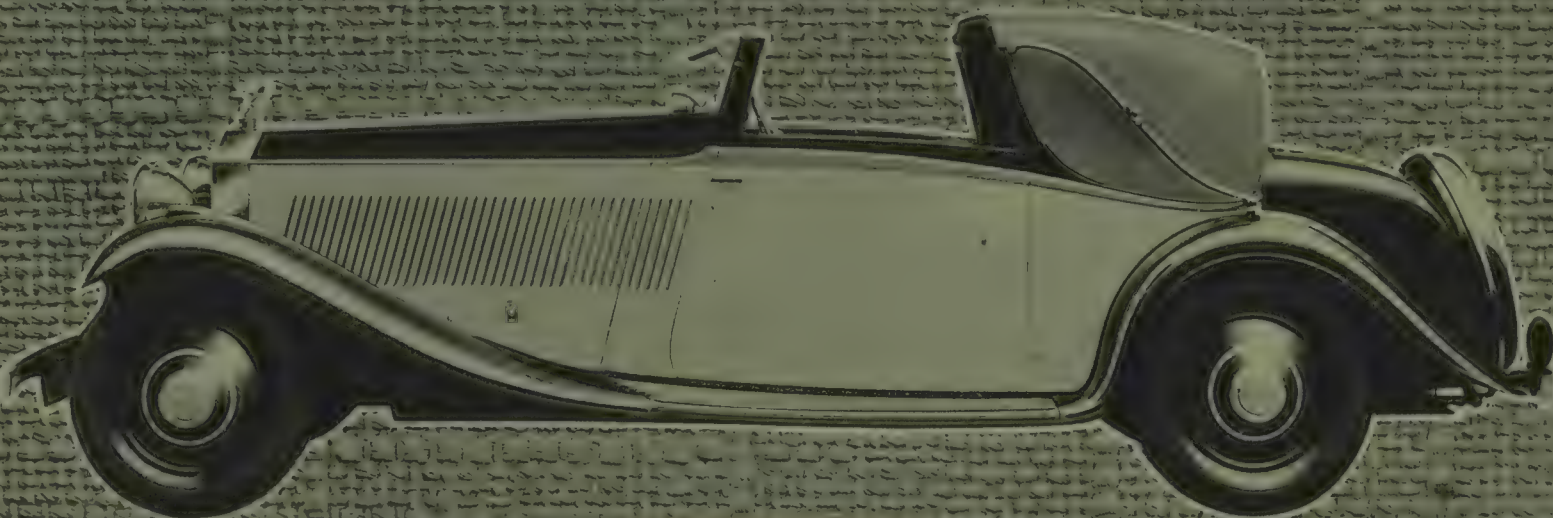


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## NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

## AUTUMN—IN UMBRIA.

FOR a holiday in the autumn, there is no part of Italy that is more inviting than Umbria, with its mild climate, its mountains of moderate height, beautiful valleys and fertile plains, and its fascinating old-world towns, where the tide of life ebbs and flows very peaceably still, though modern progress has rendered them more attractive from the point of view of habitation. Umbria is, too, a region of sharp and pleasing contrasts: the almost precipitous cliffs of the Valnerina and the gentle slopes and chestnut woods of the Tiber Valley, the peaks of the Tiferno and the peaceful river of Clitunno, the rugged tufa rocks of Orvieto and the placid blue waters of Lake Trasimene.

Two towns of Umbria stand out clearly before the others, interesting, also, as are several of these: Perugia, the capital; and Assisi, city of St. Francis, the Saint of Love. The former is finely situated upon a group of hills well over a thousand feet above the River Tiber, and overlooking a valley of great beauty, with an amphitheatre of distant hills, their sharply-pointed peaks standing out boldly

against the sky-line. Perugia is strikingly mediæval, with old city walls and several ancient gates, and amongst its many splendid buildings of the past, the Palazzo dei Priori, richly ornamented on the outside, with graceful mullioned windows and imposing doorways, and with a fine interior, is one of the most beautiful. Near to it stands the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, a Gothic building of the

of St. Francis, begun immediately after the canonisation of the saint, in 1228, by Frate Elia, the Vicar-General of the Franciscans, a building Gothic and Romanesque-Gothic in style, and in the crypt of which is the rough sarcophagus in which the body of St. Francis, hidden by Frate Elia, was discovered in 1818.

Over the high altar are four famous vaultings, frescoed by Giotto; in the lower church are frescoes by Cimabue, and there are others by Pietro Lorenzetti. The Franciscan Monastery close by has a beautiful *loggato*, with ogival arches, from which there is a splendid view of the whole of the Umbrian Plain. The Cathedral of Assisi, San Rufino, of Romanesque style, has a fine façade, with three beautiful rose windows dating from 1140. Great places of pilgrimage in Assisi are the Hermitage degli Carceri, in a ravine below Monte Subasio, partly built and partly cut out of rock, given to St. Francis by the Benedictines, as a place of retirement, where may be seen the grotto in which the saint was wont to rest on the bare rock and to pray; and the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, in which are the original oratory of St. Francis and the cell in which he died. Both Perugia and Assisi have good hotels, with up-to-date accommodation for visitors, and fares to both places are reduced by 50 per cent. from all Italian frontier stations.



TOWERING OVER ASSISI: THE CASTLE OF ROCCA MAGGIORE, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1367.

Photographs by Enil, London.

fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and other churches of special interest are S. Angelo, with antique interior columns, which dates, probably, from the fifth century, and San Pietro de' Cassinensi, a basilica of the tenth century, with nave and aisles, remarkable for its ancient granite and marble columns, its walnut stall-work, by Stefano de' Zambelli da Bergamo, and its numerous paintings by Perugino. Perugia has a university dating from 1307; it was one of the twelve ancient cities of Etruria; it can still show some massive walls of the Etruscan period, and its history is a stirring one, even for a city of Central Italy!

Assisi, perched high up on a spur of Monte Subasio, has figured in history throughout the ages as the birthplace of St. Francis, the founder of the Order of the Franciscans, and the preacher of a religion of love—to all creatures. It is a picturesque old town, walled with eight gates, a fine mediæval castle, Rocca Maggiore, built by Cardinal Albornoz in 1367, on an eminence of over 1600 ft., and thus commanding the town, and with several buildings of the Umbro-Roman period. The glory of Assisi is the Church



IN ASSISI: THE BASILICA OF ST. FRANCIS, IN WHOSE CRYPT THE SAINT LIES BURIED.



IN PERUGIA: A RICHLY ORNAMENTED MEDIÆVAL BUILDING, THE PALAZZO DEI PRIORI.

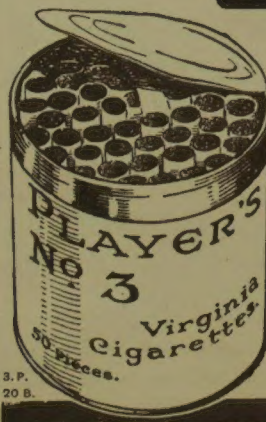
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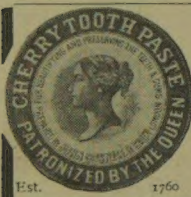


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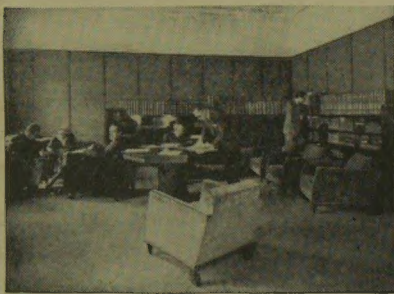
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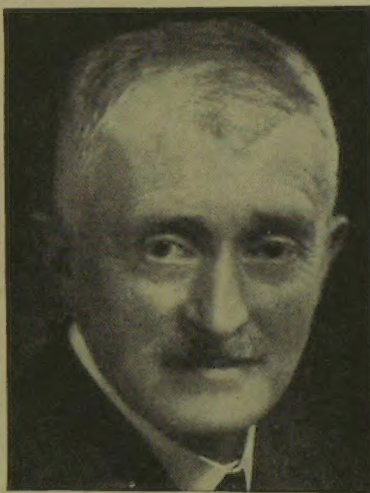
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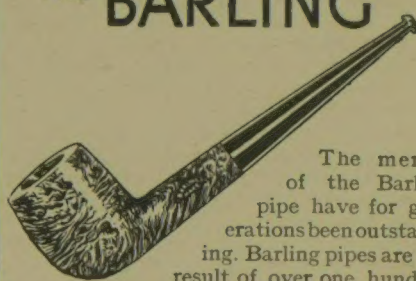
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